C. 180. e.

Joyful Cuckoldom,

or the

Love of Gentlemen, and Gentlewomen.

a

Collection of New Songs, with ye Musick.

for ye

Lute, Violin, Flute, or Harpsichord

By Henry Purcell, Dr. John Blow,

Mr. John Eccles, Mr. Morgan,

Dr. John Reading, Mr. Baptist,

&c. &c.

Fairley Engraven on Copper Plates.

London

Printed by J. Heptinstall for Henry Playford at his Shop in ye Temple Change & for J. Church. Sold by Daniel Dring at ye Harrow & Crown at ye Corner of Cliffords Inn Lane in Fleet Street.

1671

BRITISH MUSEUM

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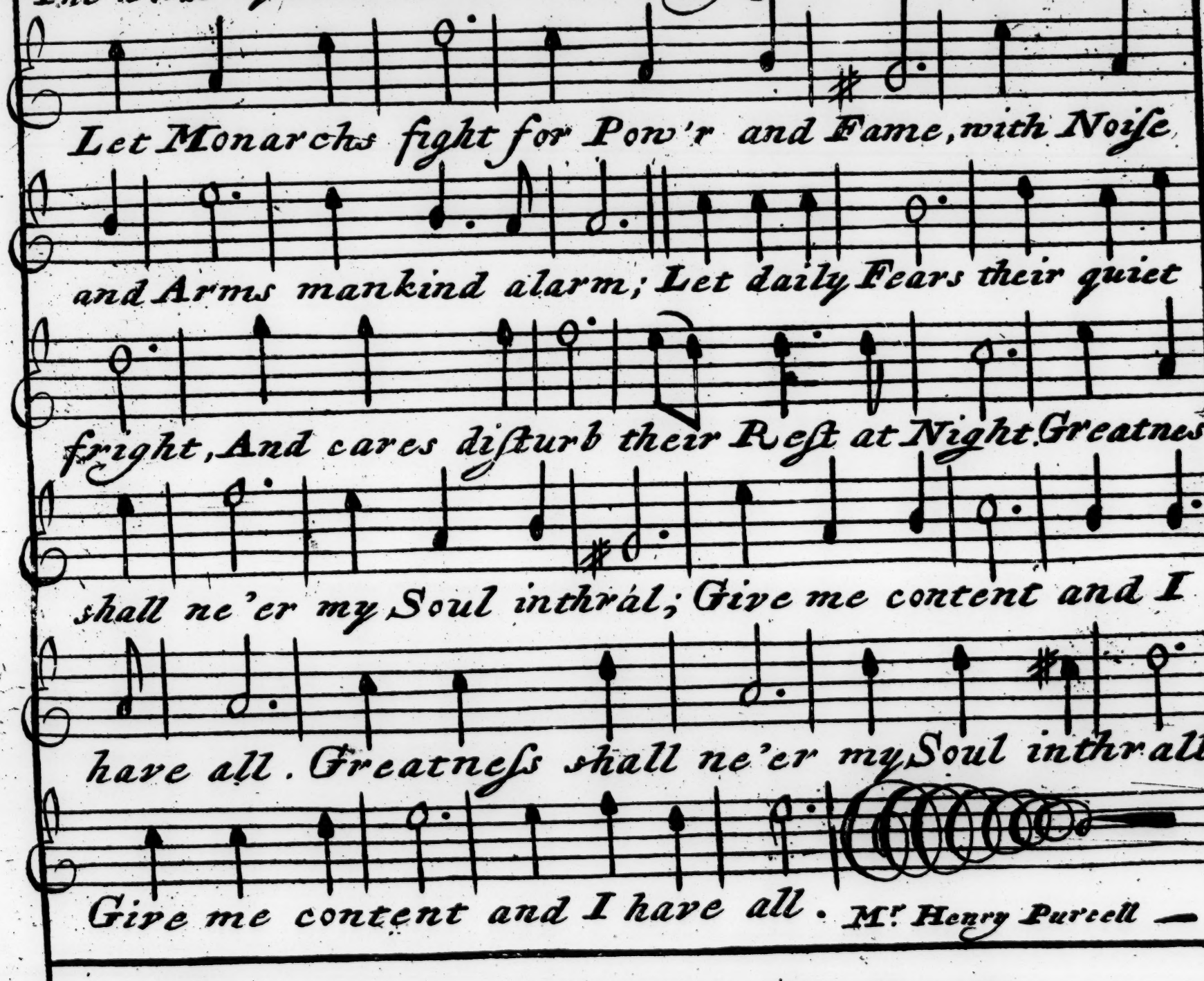
Eccles

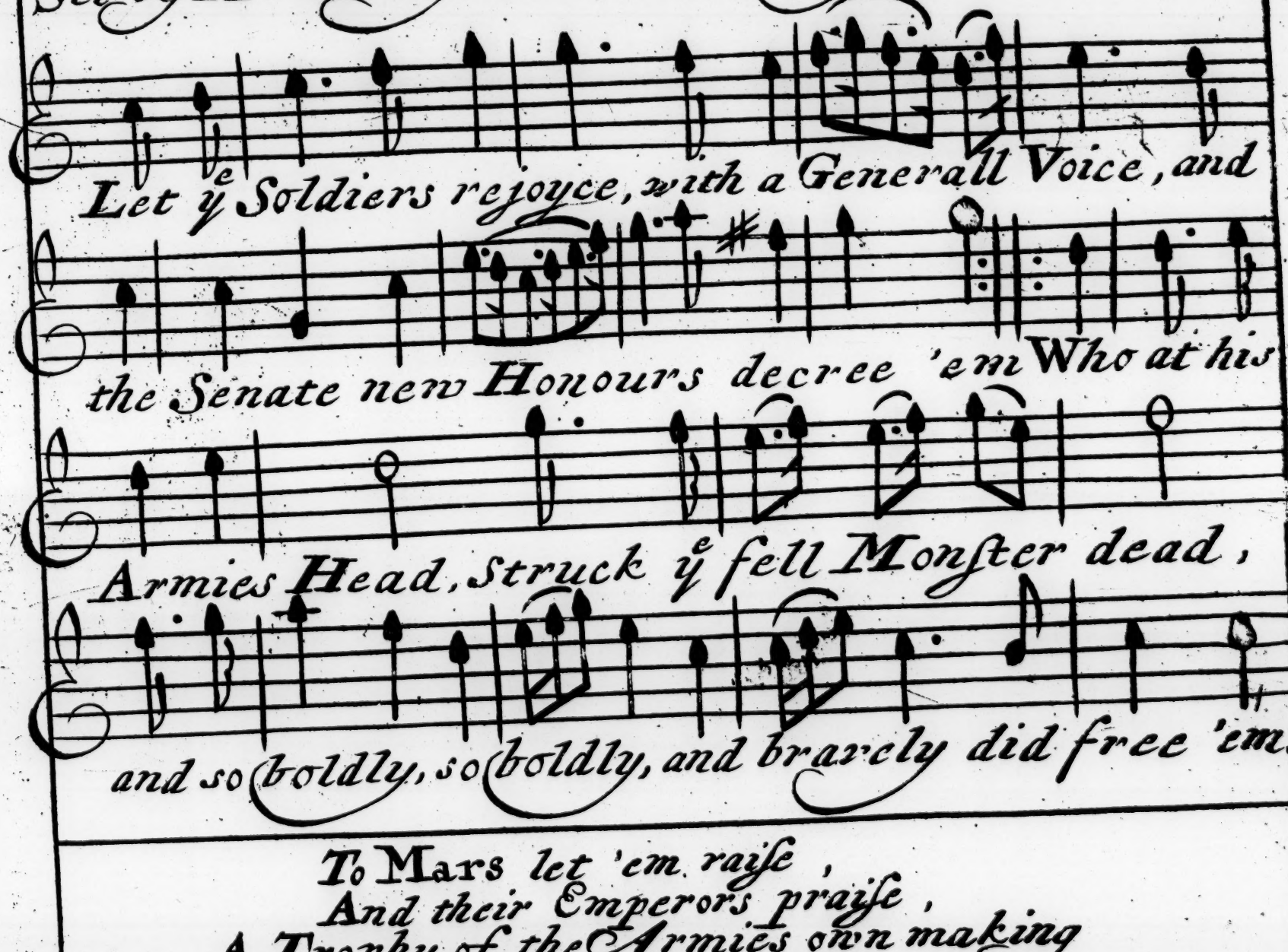
A new Song sung in the *OPERA* call'd *The Prophetess*. At the Queen's Theatre.

The words by M.r Batterton. And sung by M.r Freeman



Hear, Mighty Love! to thee I call;
Give me Astræa, she's my all:
That soft, that sweet, that charming Fair,
Fate cannot hurt while I have her.
She's Wealth, and Power and only she;
Astræa's all the World to me.

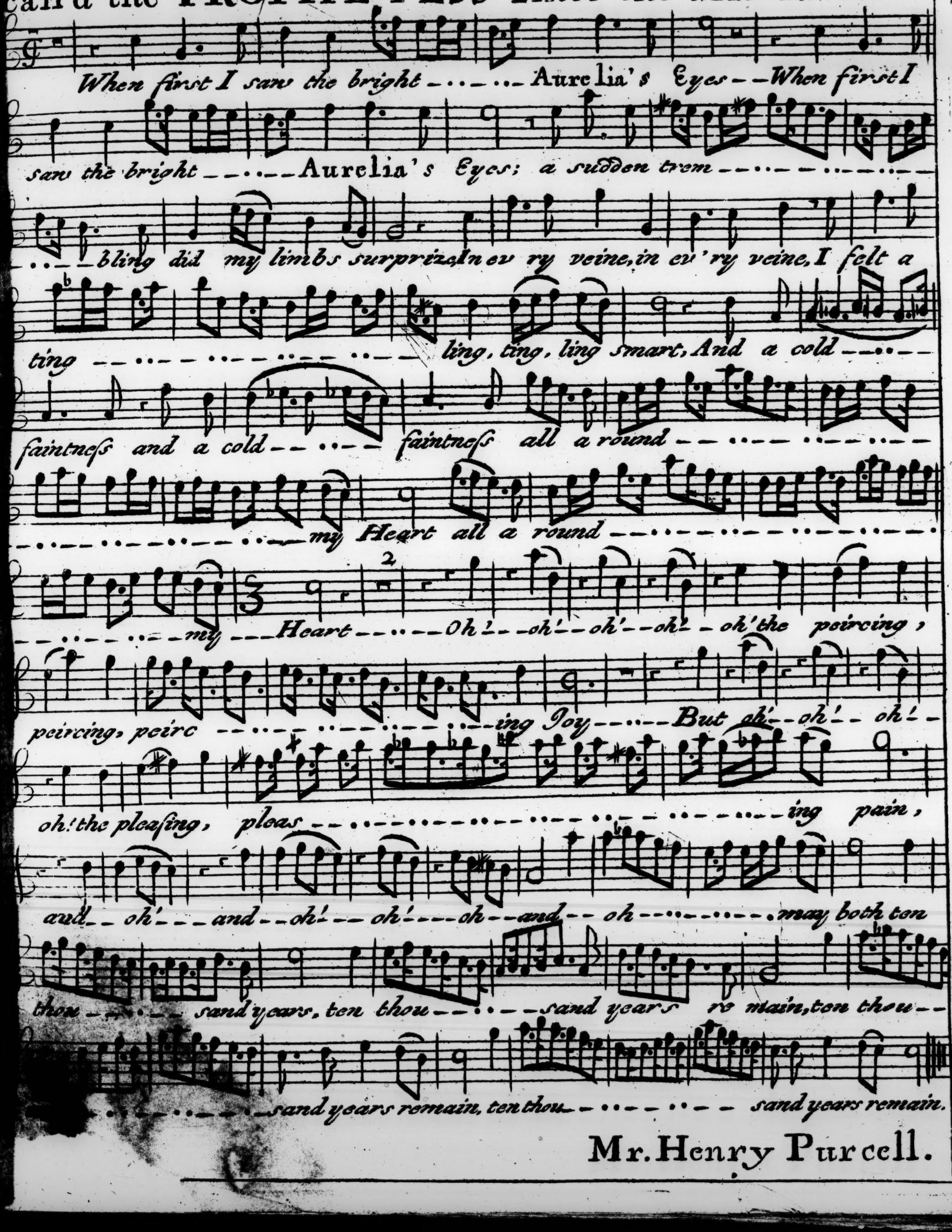
A New song sung in the PROPHETESS, or the History of DIOCLESIAN, at the Queen's Theatre. *The words by Mr. Batterton Set by Mr. Henry Purcel, and sung by Mr. Freeman.*



To Mars let 'em raise,
And their Emperors praise,
A Trophy of the Armies own making
To Maximinnian too,
Some honours are due,
Who joyn'd in the brave undertaking.

With Flowers let 'em strow,
The way as they go,
Their Statues with Garlands adorning,
Who from Tyrannies Night
Drave the Mists in their Sight,
And gave 'em a glorious Morning.

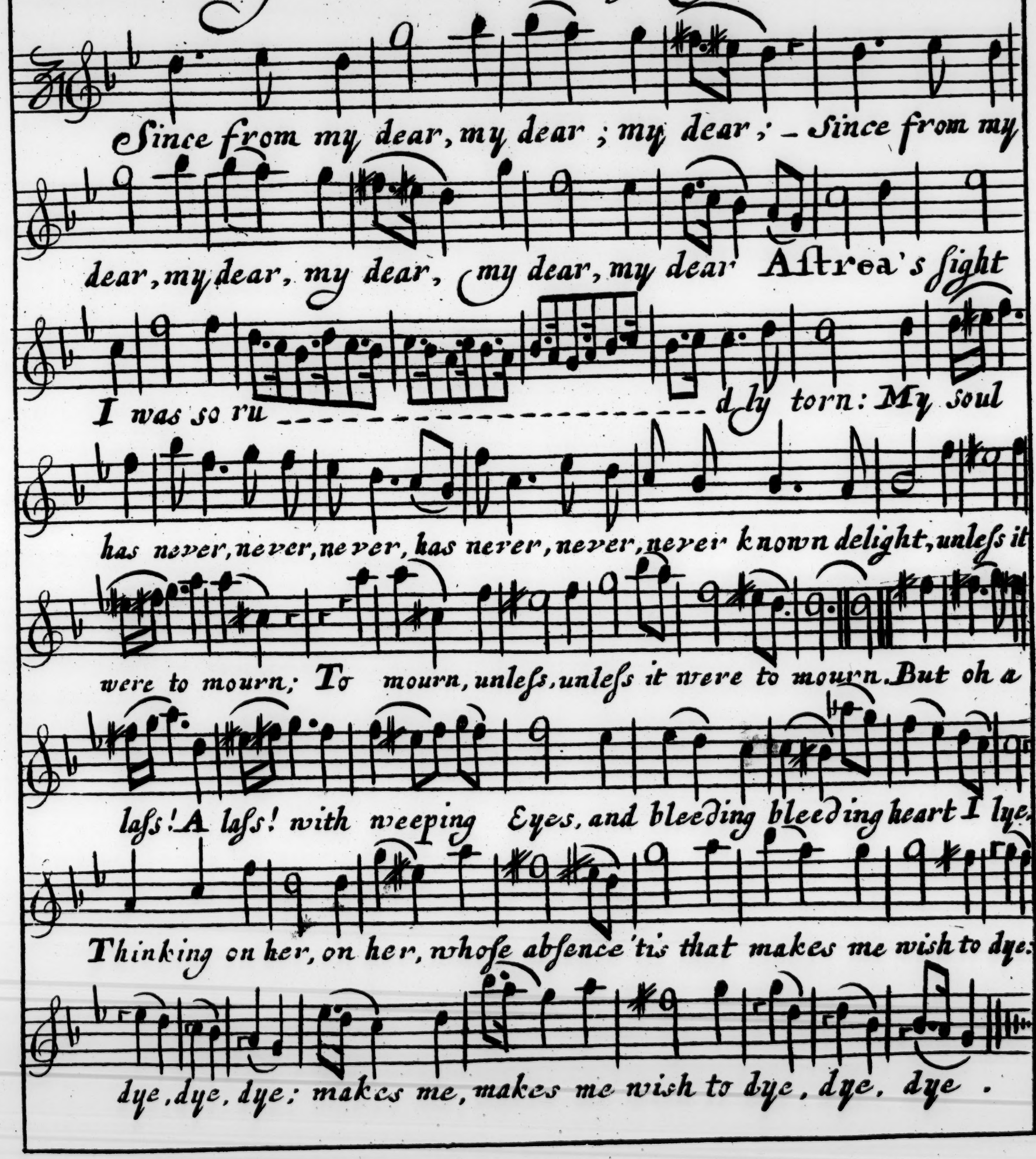
A new Song sung by Mrs. AYLIFF in the OPERA call'd the PROPHETESS since the allterations.



Mr. Henry Purcell.

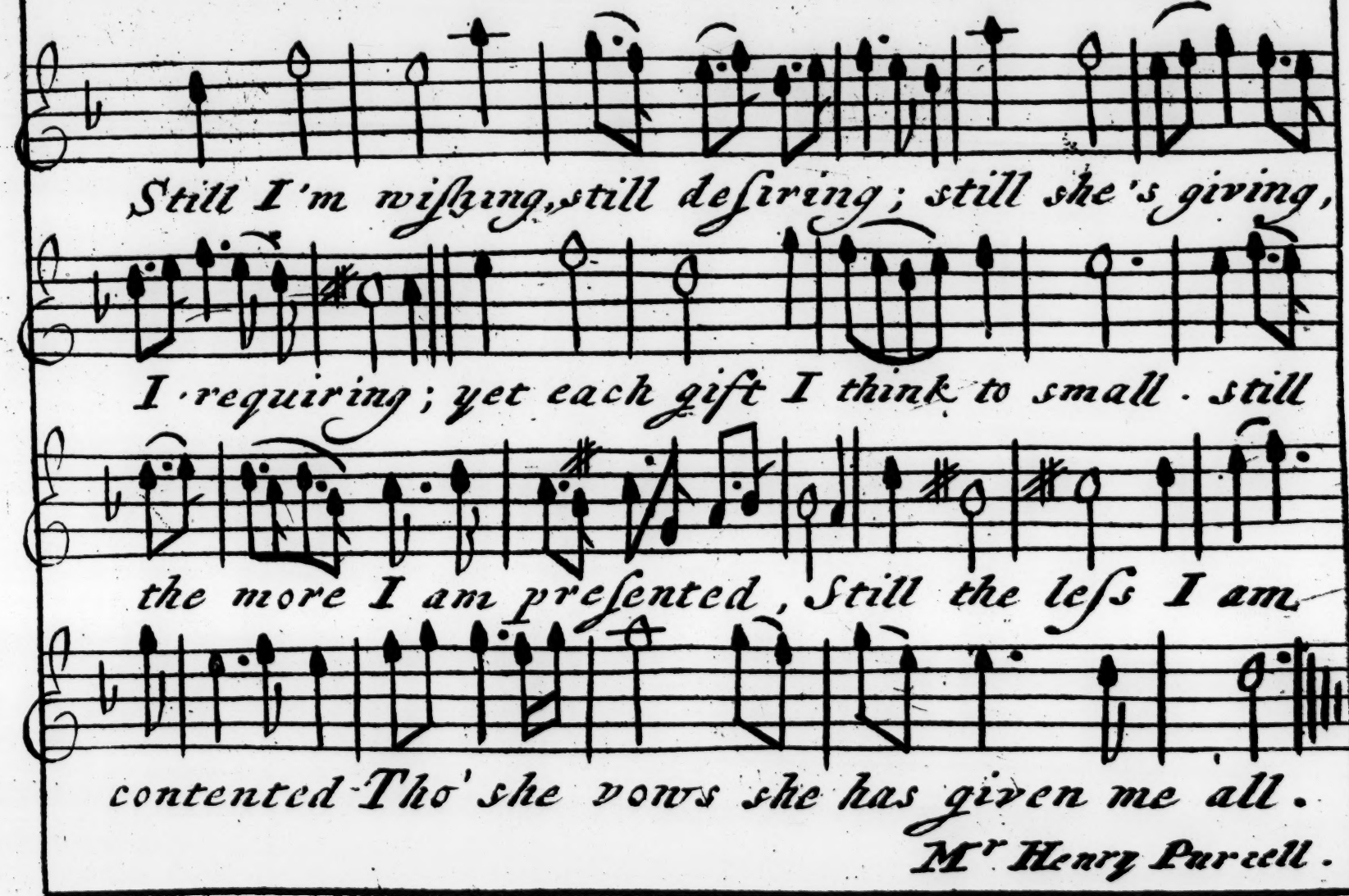
G

A new Song sung by Mrs. Hudson in the Prophetess, as it is newly reviv'd, Set to Musick by Mr. H. Purcell



A new Song ſung in the OPERA call'd *THE PROPHETESS*.

in the Scene of Dio.

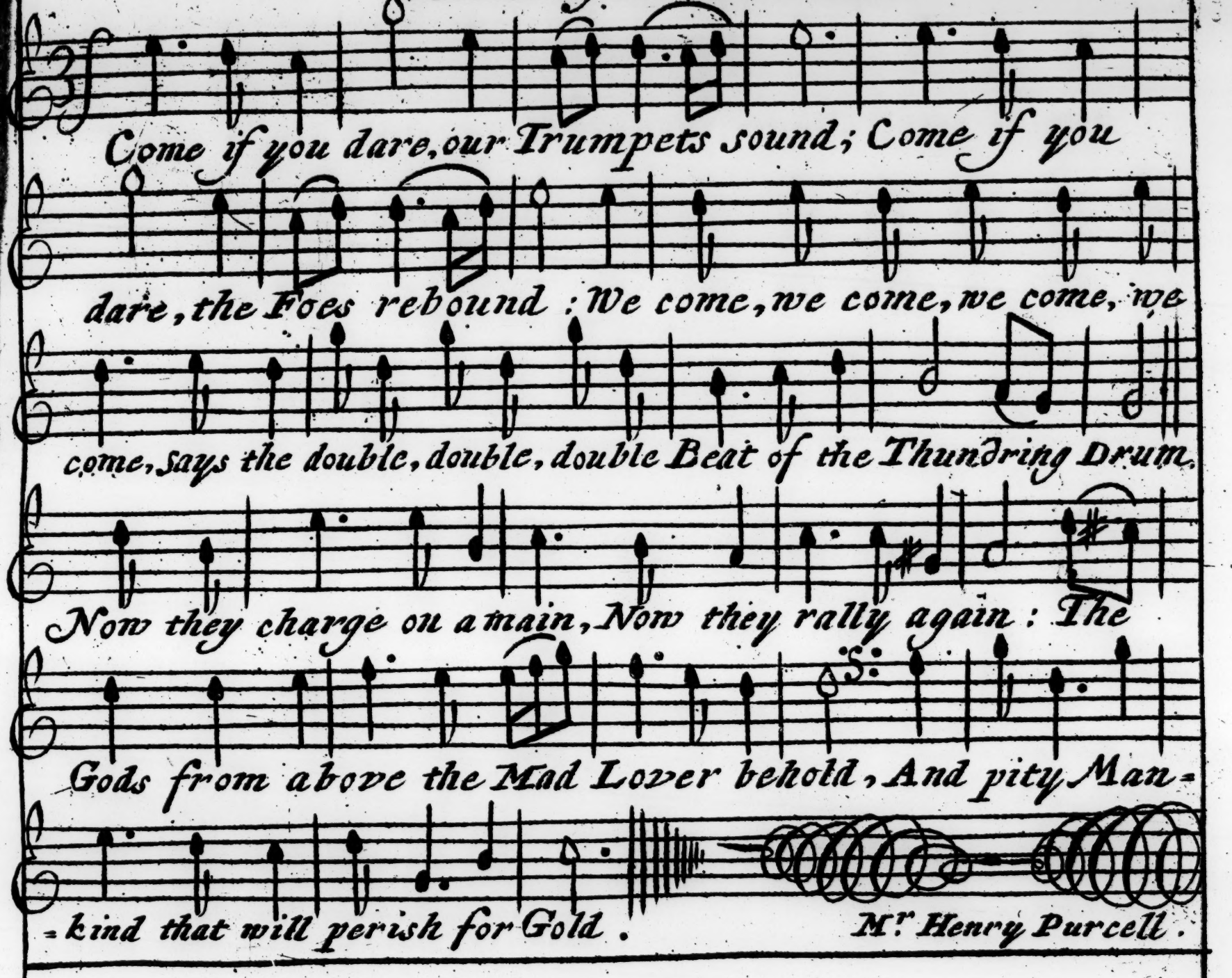


Mr Henry Purcell.

Can Druſilla *give no more?*
Has she lavish'd all her Store?
Must my Hopes to nothing fall?
Ah! you know not half your Treaſure;
Give me more, give over meaſure,
Yet you can never give me all.

A Song in the Dramatick OPERA.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN*.

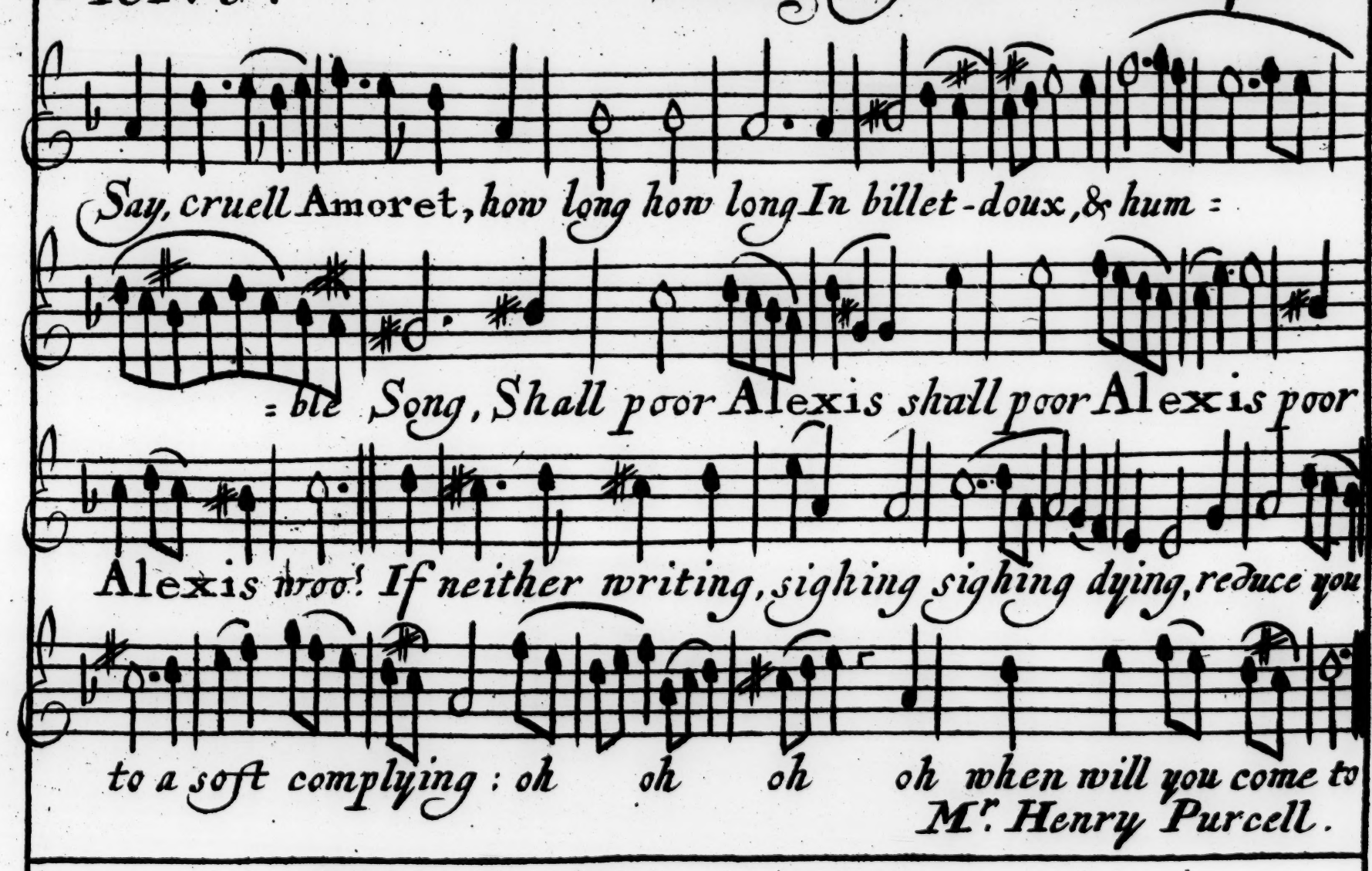


Mr. Henry Purcell.

The Fainting Saxons quit their Ground,
Their Trumpets Languish in the Sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, *the Bold* Britons *cry.*

Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquish'd Invaders.

A
Song in the last new Comedy call'd the
Wive's excuse or Cuckolds make them =
= selvs. Sung by Mr. *Mountford*.



Mr. Henry Purcell.

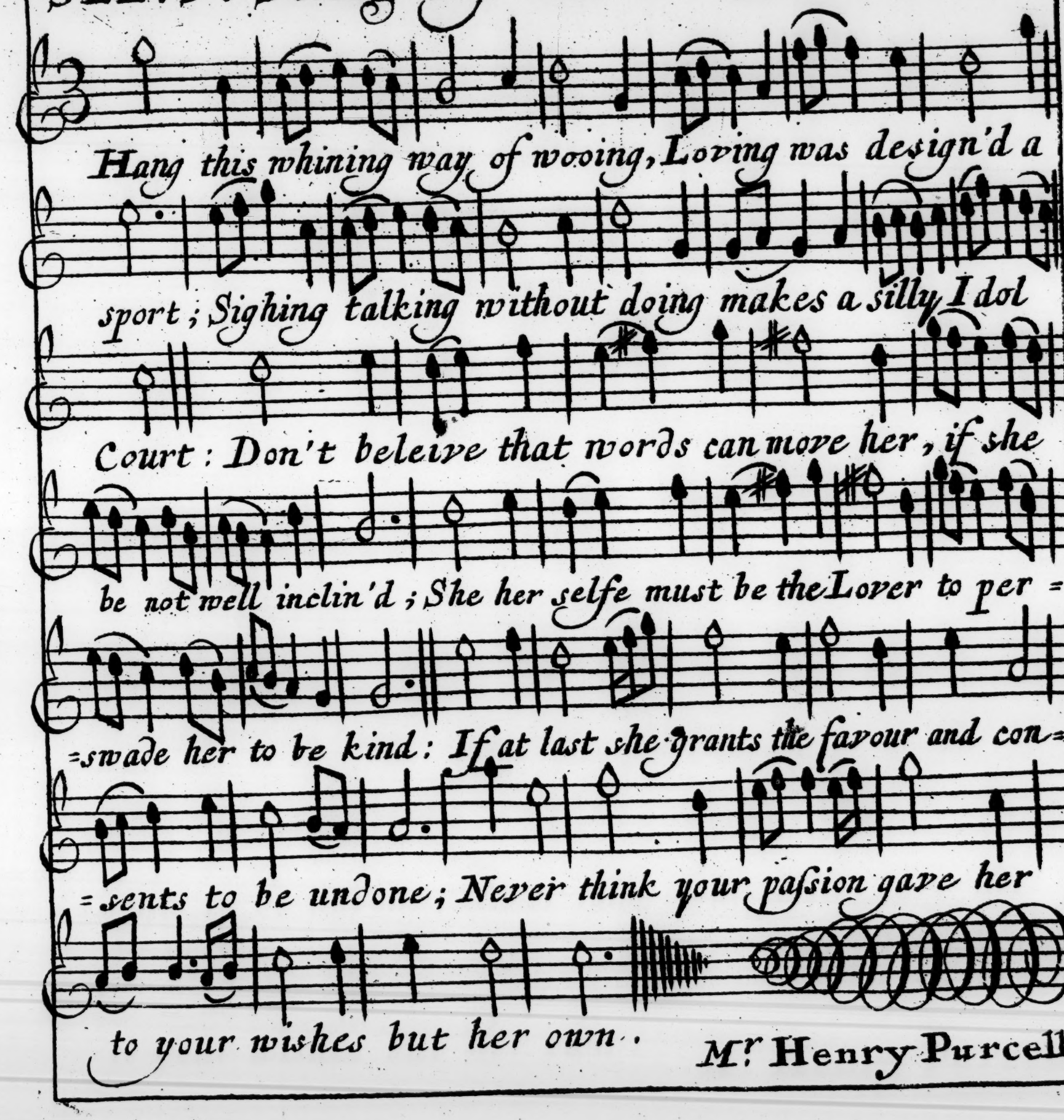
Full thirteen Moons are now past o'er,
Since first those Stars I did adore,
That set my heart on fire:
The conscious Play-house, Parks and Court,
Have seen my sufferings made your sport:
Yet am I ne'er the nigher.
A faithfull Lover shou'd deserve
A better face, than thus to starve:
In sight of such a Feast:
But Oh! if you'll not think it fit,
Your hungry Slave shou'd taste one bit;
Give some kind looks at least.

Essex

Mr Mountford was the husband of Mrs Mountford whose
Gravestone the Colonel is Standing by in the Picture

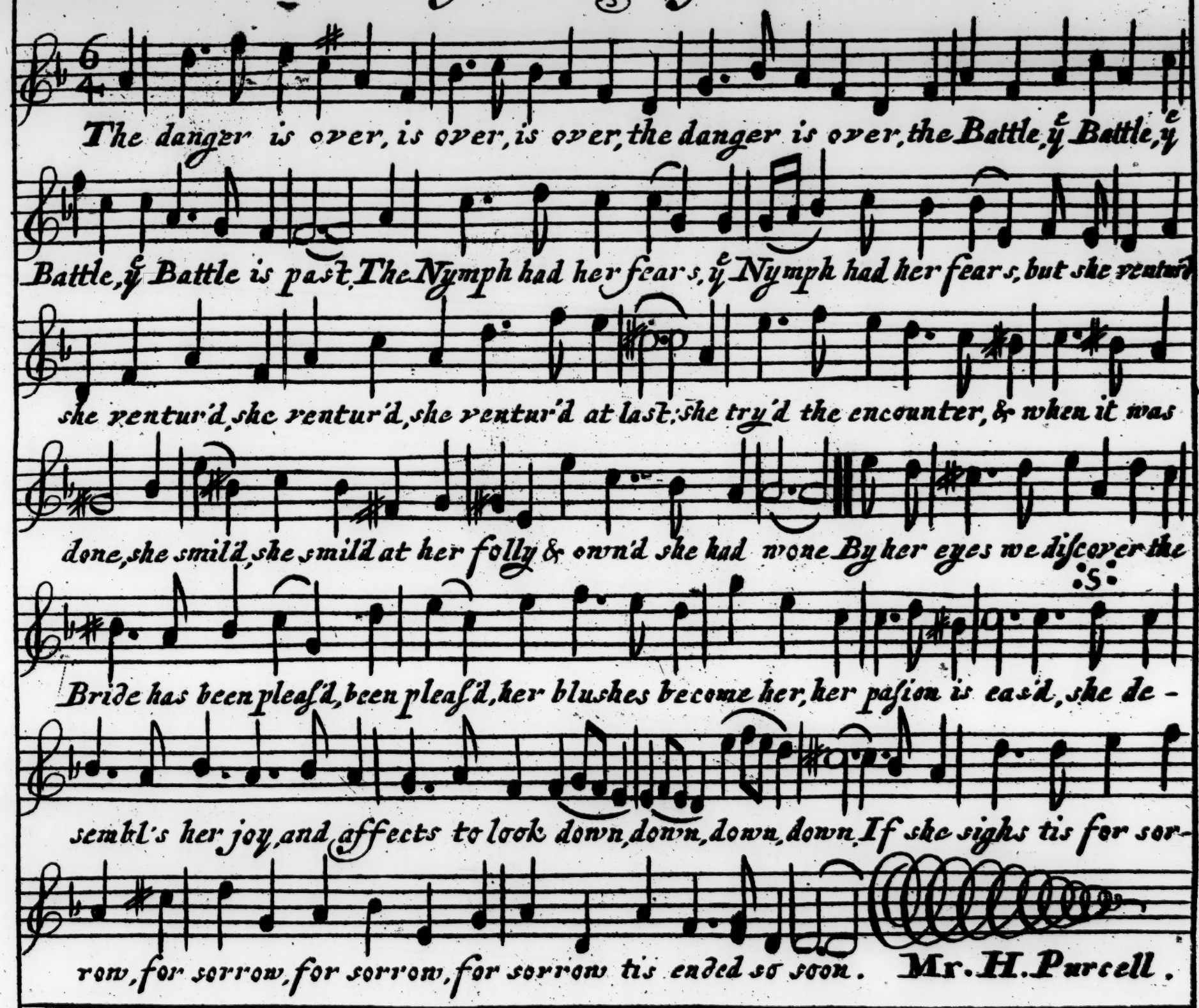
in Bing. of Mus.

A Song in the last new Comedy call'd the WIFE'S EXCUSE, or CUCKOLDS MAKE THEM=SELVS. Sung by Mrs. BUTLER.



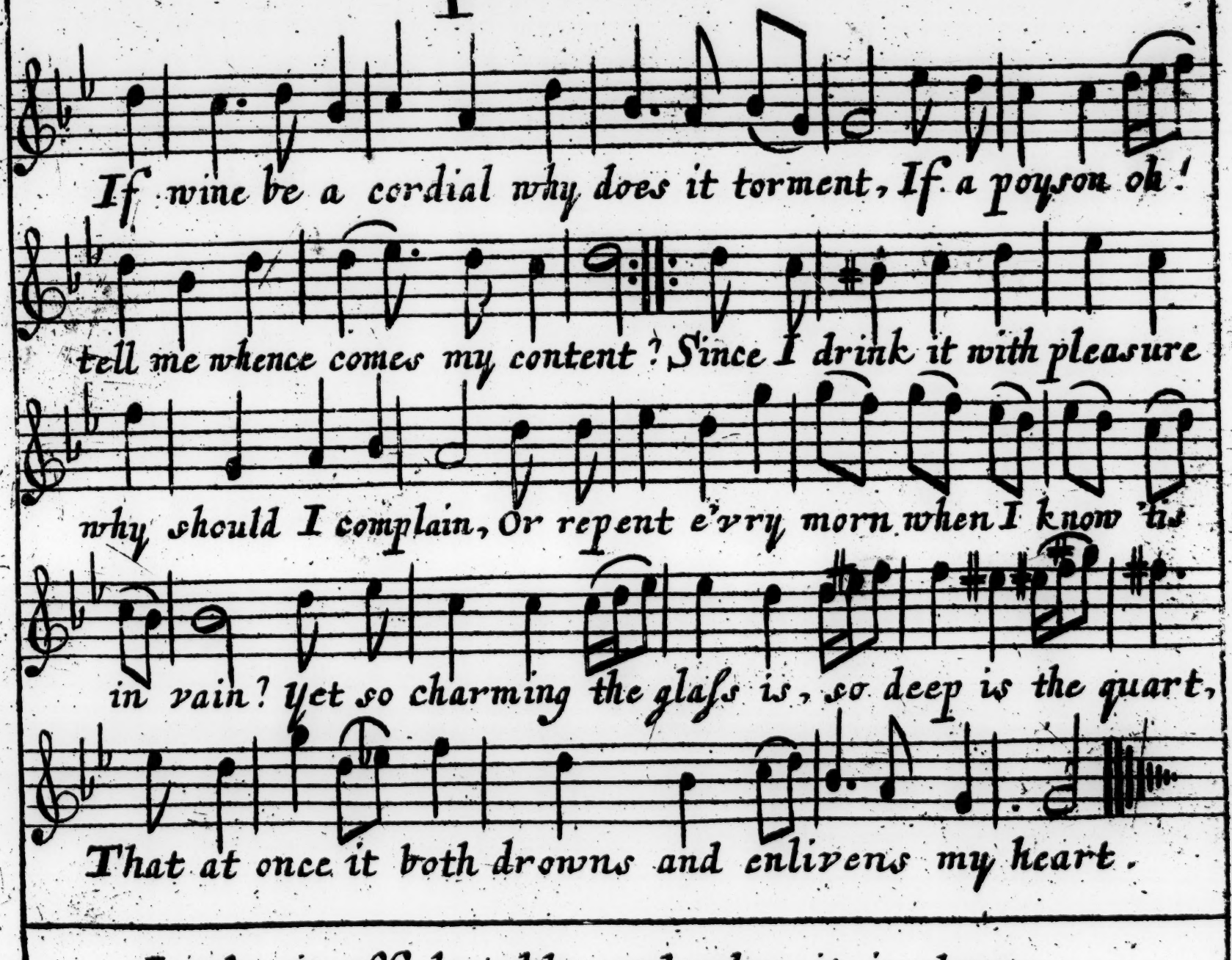
Mr. Henry Purcell.

A Song in the Play call'd the Fatal Marriage Or the Innocent Adultry. Sung by Mrs. HUDSON.



Appear all ye Virgins both Aged and young,
All you who have carry'd that burthen too long.
Who have lost pretious time and you who are loosing,
Betray'd by your fears twixt doubting and choosing.
Draw nere and find what will settle your mind,
You'l find your selves happy when once you are kind.
Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
The loss will be little and much to be won.

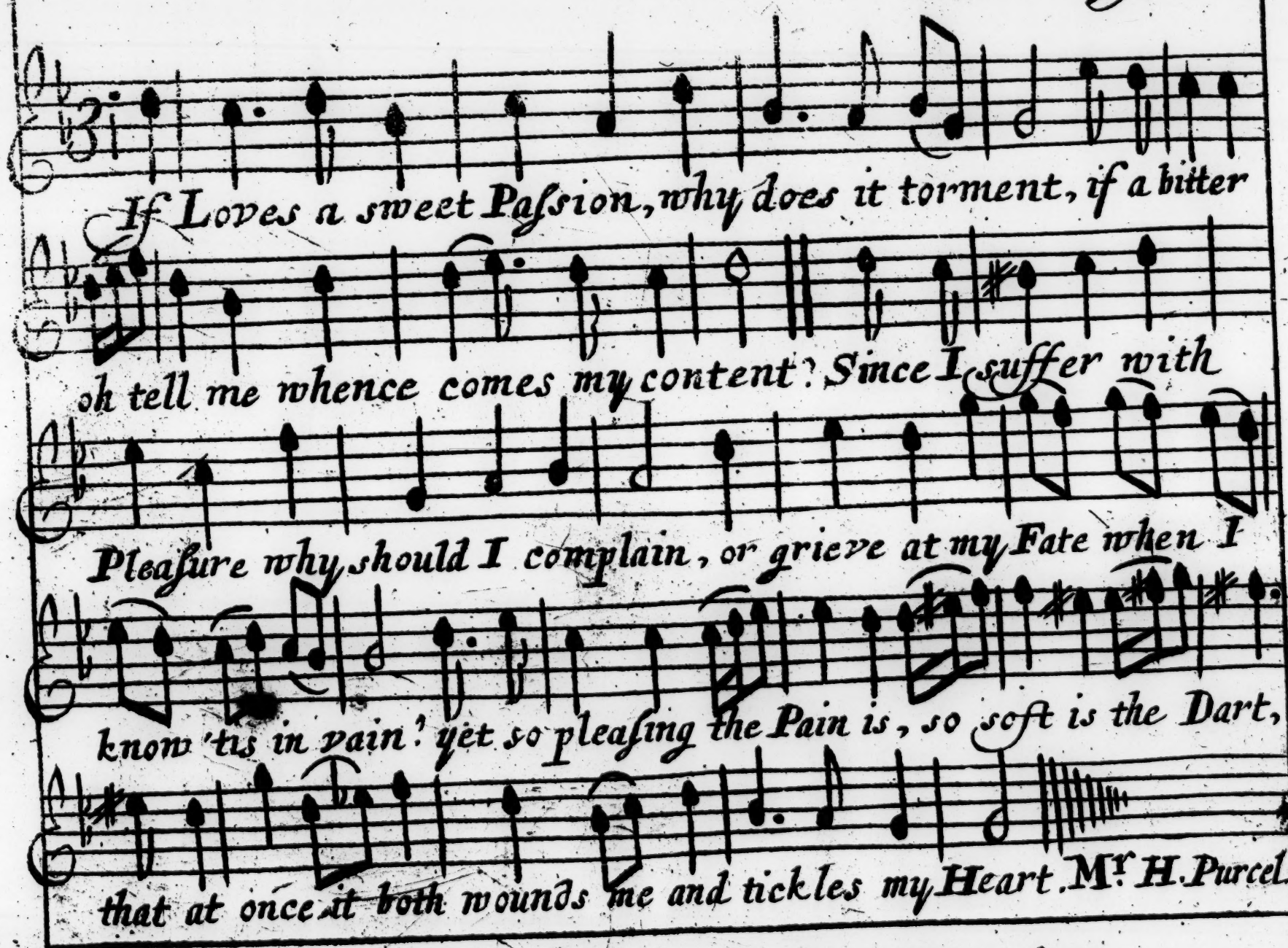
A mock ſong to—— If love's a ſweet paſsion.



I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly complexion I make my joy known;
But oh! how I'm blest when so strong it does prove
By its soveraign heat to expell that of Love.
When in quenching the old I create a new flame,
And am wrapt with such pleasures as yet want a name.

A

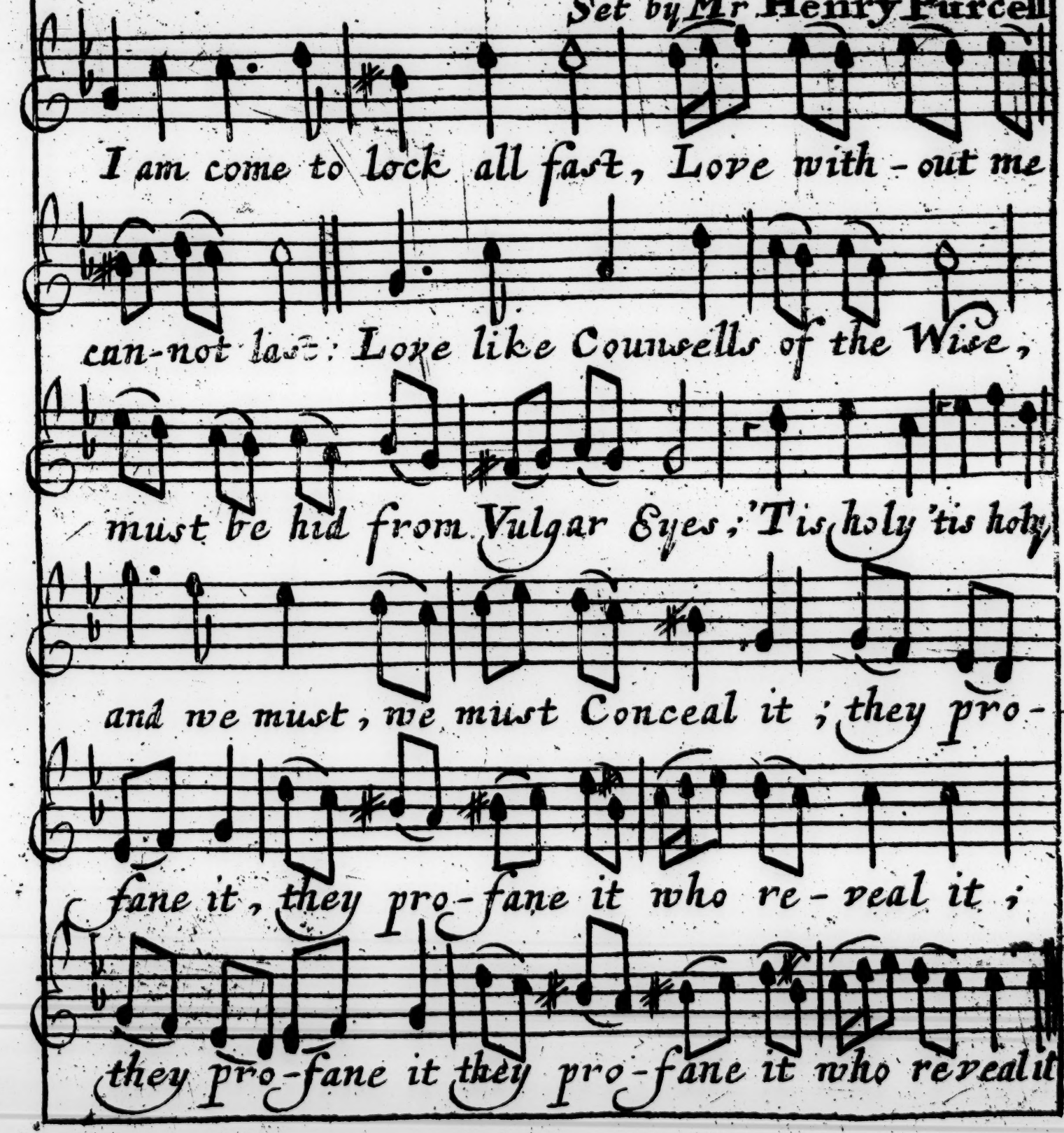
Song in the New OPERA call'd, The FAIERY QUEEN. Sung by Mrs. *Dyer*:



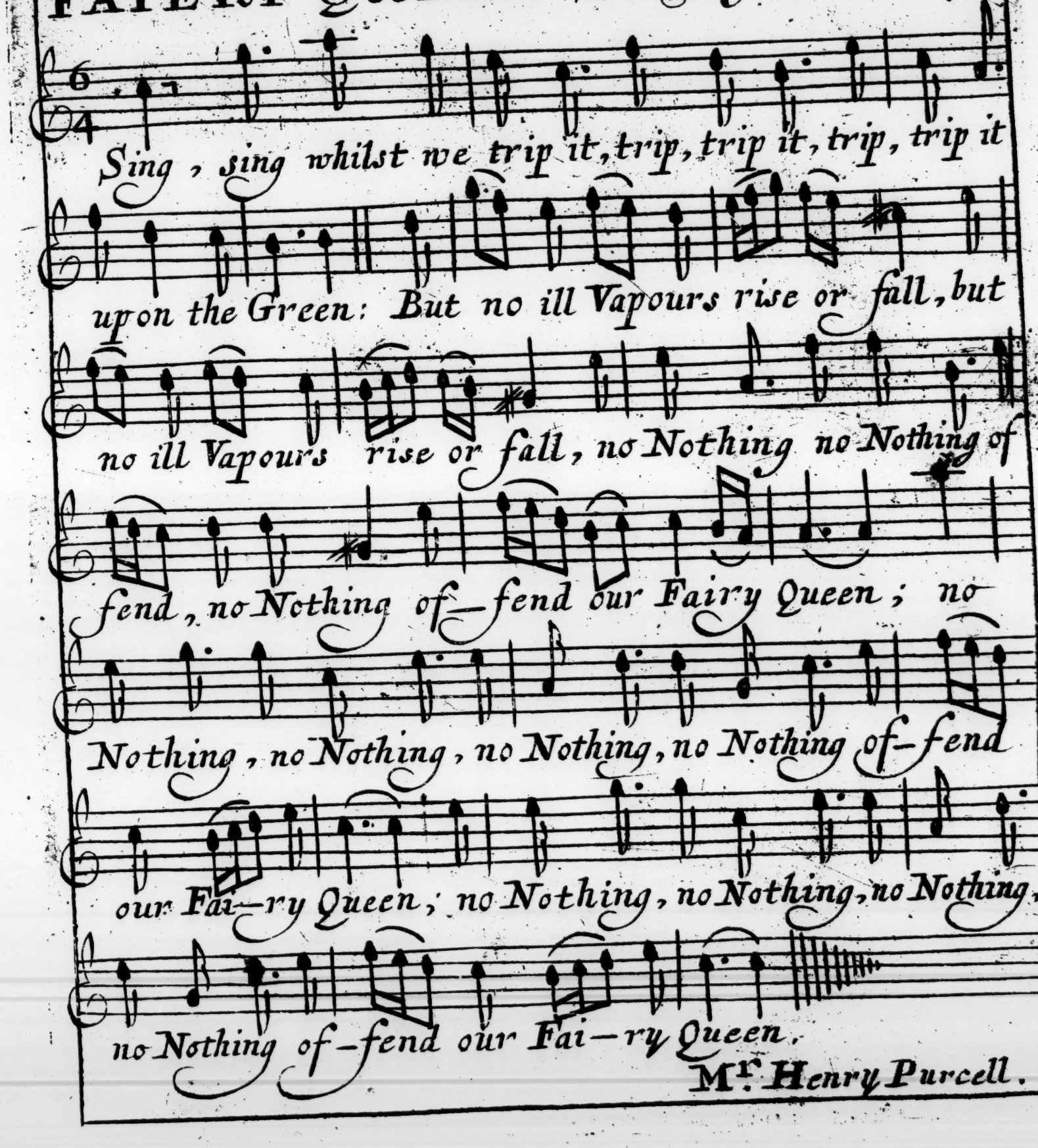
I preſs her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by Paſsionate silence I make my Love known;
But Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake, to diſcover her Love;
When in striving to hide, she returns all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Name.

A Song in the New OPERA call'd, The FAIERY QUEEN. Sung by Mrs. Dyer.

Set by Mr Henry Purcell

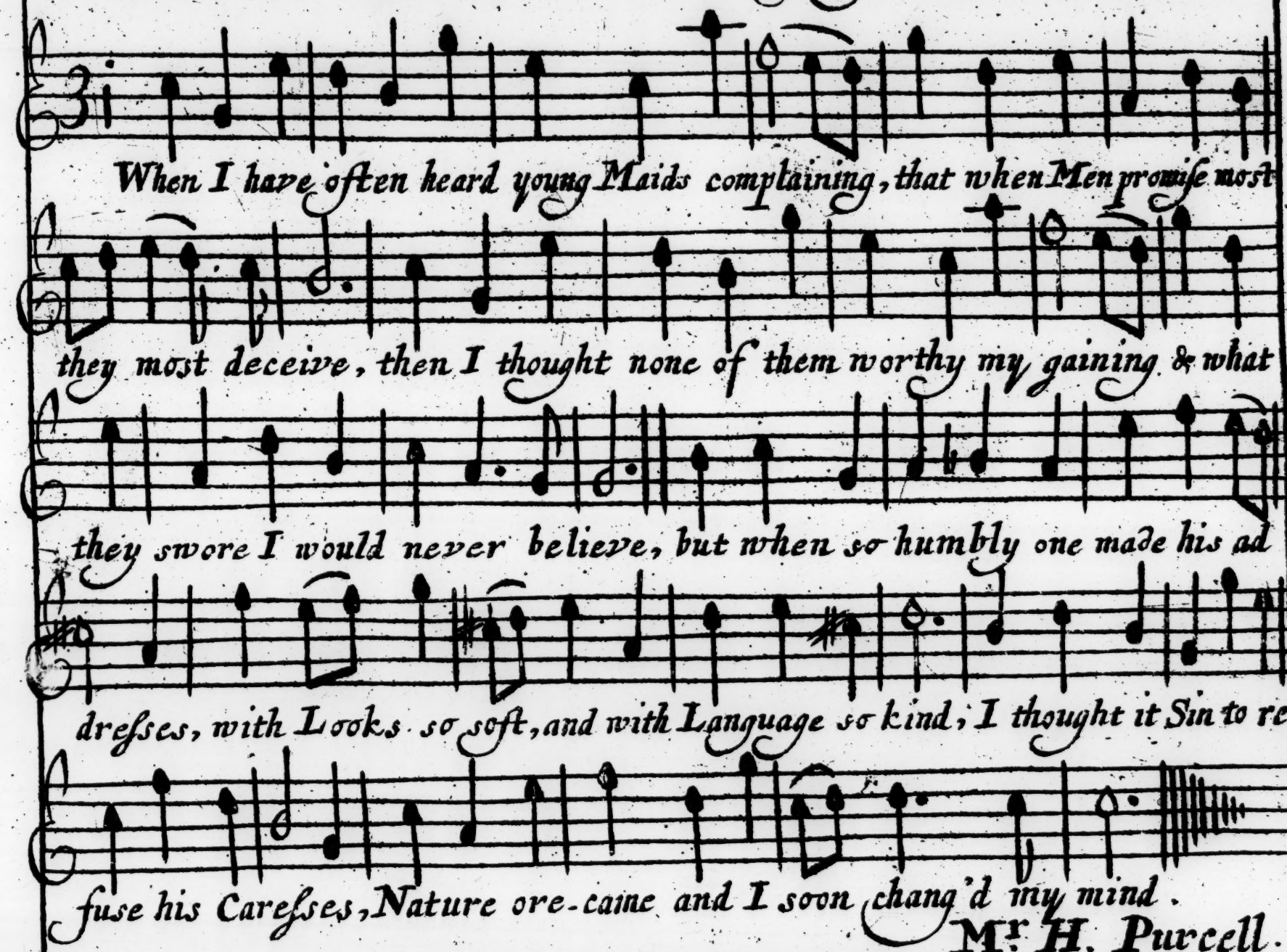


A Song in the New OPERA call'd, The FAIERY QUEEN. Sung by Mrs. *Aliff.*



Mr. Henry Purcell.

A Song in the New OPERA call'd, The FAIERY QUEEN. Sung by Mrs. Butler.

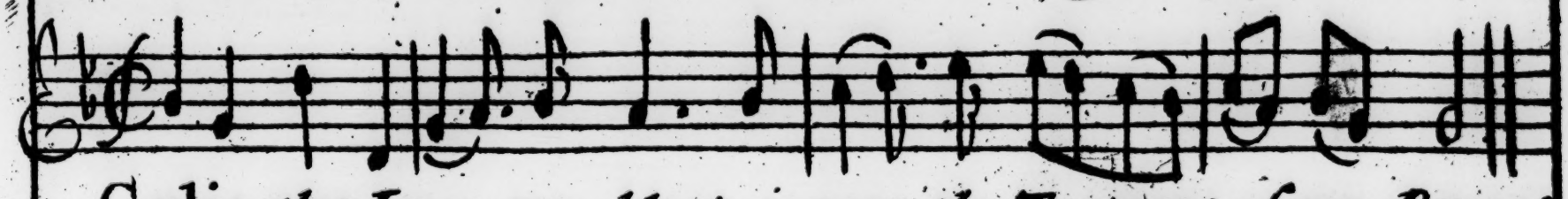


Mr. H. Purcell.

Should he employ all his Arts in deceiving,
Stretch his Invention and quite crack his Brain,
I find such Charms, such true Joys in believing,
I'le have the pleasure let him have the pain.
If he proves perjur'd I shall not be cheated,
He may deceive himself but never me,
'Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated,
For I'm as false and Inconstant as he.

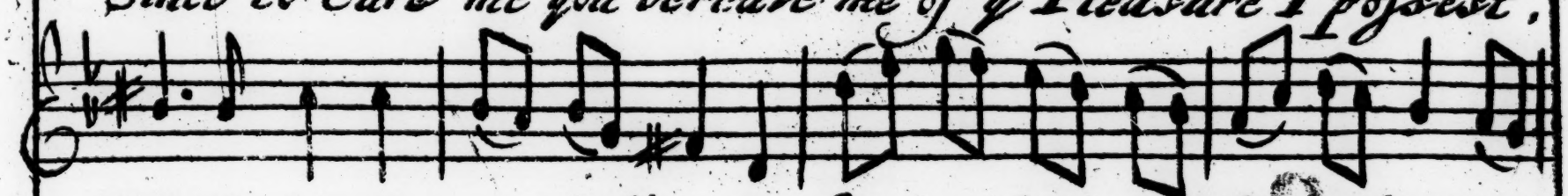
A New song sung at the Theatre Royall, in the last new Play call'd Amphitrion

The words by Mr. Dryden, Sung by Mr. Bowman

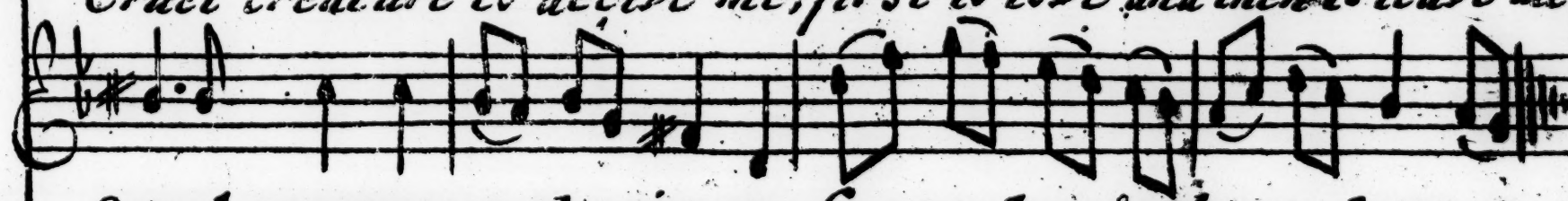


Cælia *that I once was blest, is now the Torment of my Breast*

Since to Cure me you bereave me of ye Pleasure I possest,



Cruel creature to decive me, first to love and then to leave me



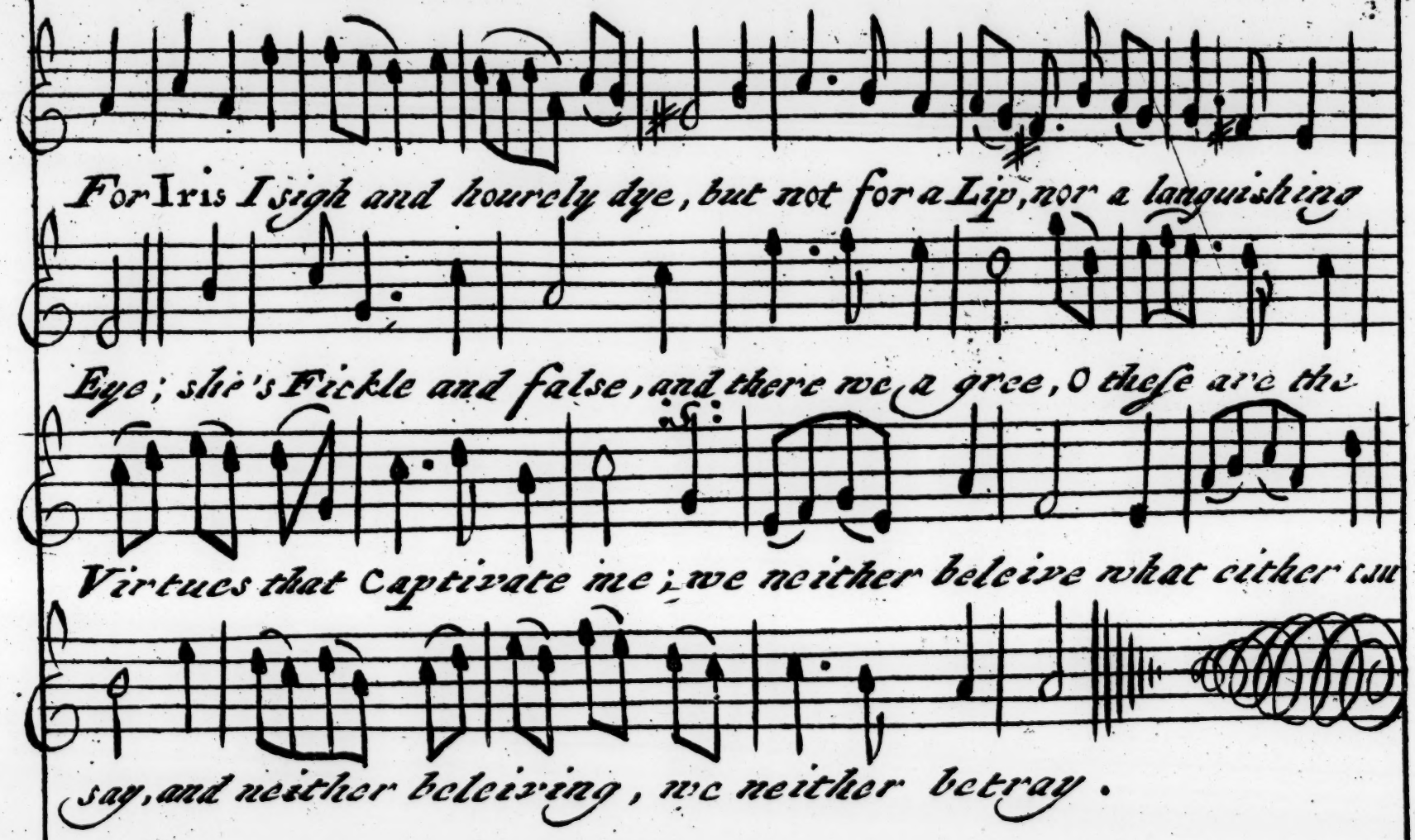
Cruel creature to deceive me, first to love & then to leave me

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want,
But possesing once the blessing,
Is the cause of my complaint,
Once possesing is but tasting,
Tis not Bliss that is not lasting.

Cælia *now is mine no more,*
But I'm hers and must adore,
Nor to leave her will endeavor,
Charms that Captiv'd me before,
No unkindnes can dissever,
Love that's true is love for ever.

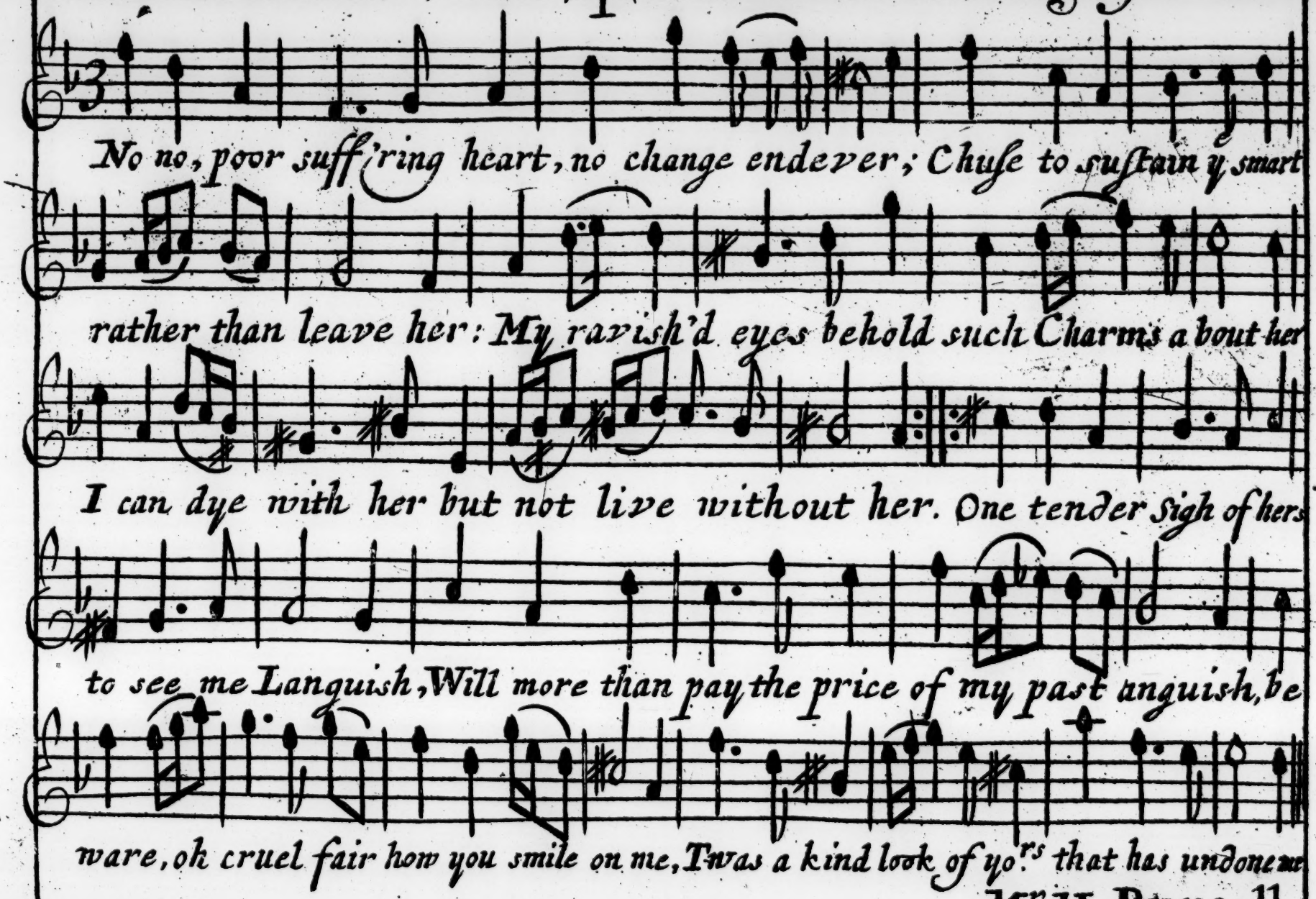
A Song in the last new Comedy call'd ——.....
AMPHITRYON. Written by Mr. *DRYDEN*
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcel*. Sung by Mrs. *Butler*.



'Tis civill to Swear and say things of course,
We mean not the taking, for better for worse;
When present we Love, when absent agree,
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me;
The Legend of Love, no couple can find,
So easy to part, and so easily joyn'd.

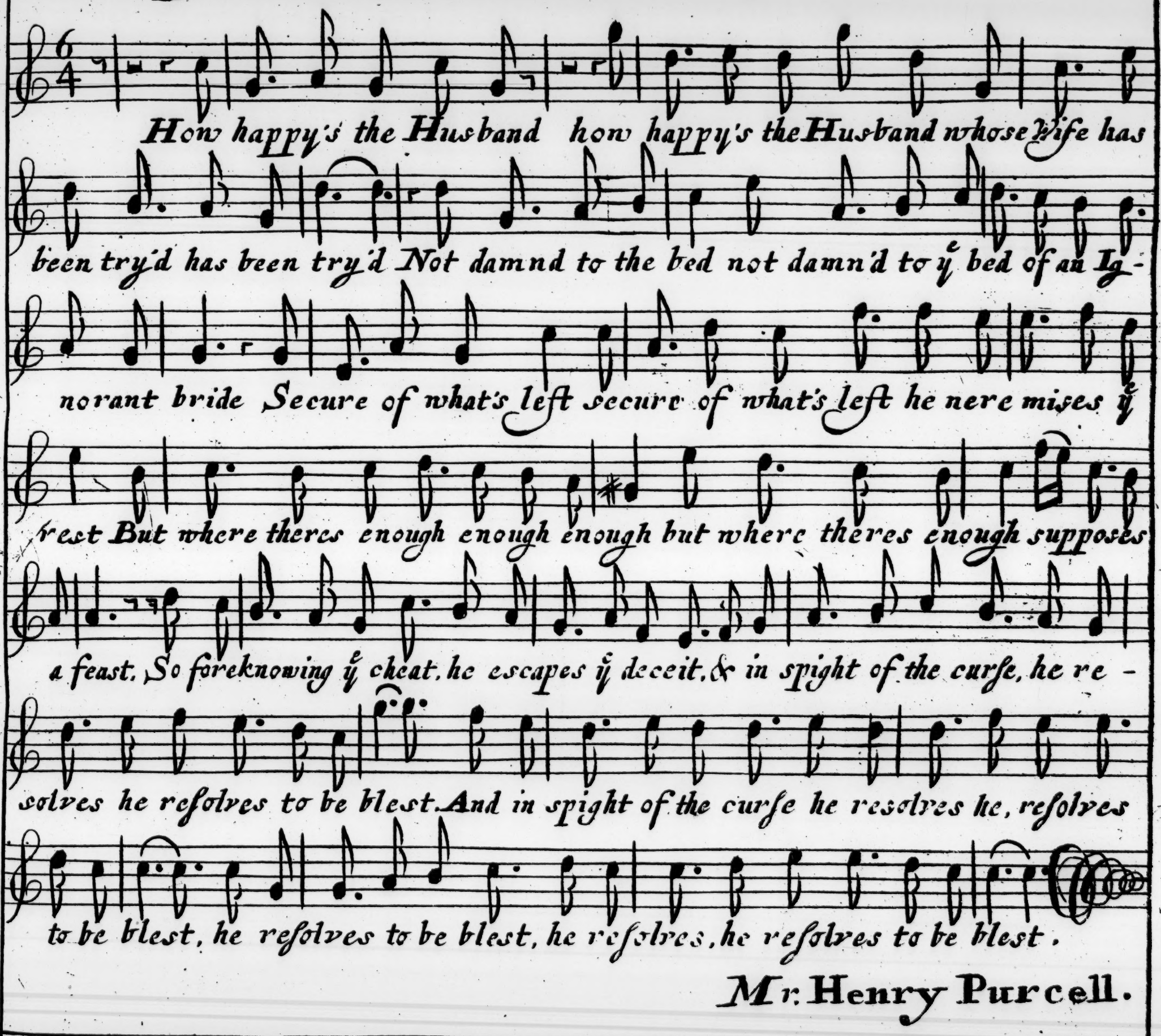
in Comes Amari

A New Song, in the Play called, The Tragedy of CLEOMENES, The Spartan Heroe. Sung by M.rs Butler.



M.r H. Purcell.

A new Song sung by Mrs AYLIFF in the Play call'd Love Triumphant Or Nature will prevaile. Written by Mr. DREYDEN.



Mr. Henry Purcell.

If children are blessings, his comfort's the more
Whose Spouse has been known to be fruitfull before;
And the boy that she brings ready made to his hand,
May stand him in stead for an Heir to his Land
Shou'd his owne prove A sott;
When 'tis Lawfully got,
As when e're it is so, if it dont I'le be hang'd.

A New Song sung by Mrs. DYER in the last new Play called HENRY the Second King of England.

In vain, in vain, in vain, in vain ----- gainst Love, in

vain --- I strove, Reason nor Honour, Reason nor Honour ---

could its force ----------- remove; Tho' Honour

fresh objection brought, and each had wondrous sense I thought;

each had won --- drous sense I thought; Yet Love, Love,

Love more strong; yet Love, Love, Love, more strong tho

not so wise be lies my tongue in my fond my fond, my fond ---

Eyes, one answers faintly no, no, no, but yes, oh! yes, oh! yes, yes, yes,

oh! yes oh! yes yes yes oh! yes the last much lovd ------ er cries.

Mr Henry Purcell.

22-24

A song in ye Comedy call'd THE OLD BATCHELER.

Thus to a ripe consen-ting Maid, poor old poor old, re pent-ing

Delia said; Would you long preserve your Lover, would you still,

would you still, would you still his Goddess reign; never never let him

all discover, never, never let him, never, never, let him much obtaine;

never, never let him all discover; never, never let him, never,

never let him much obtaine.

Men will admire adore and dye, while wishing, whyle wishing ---at---

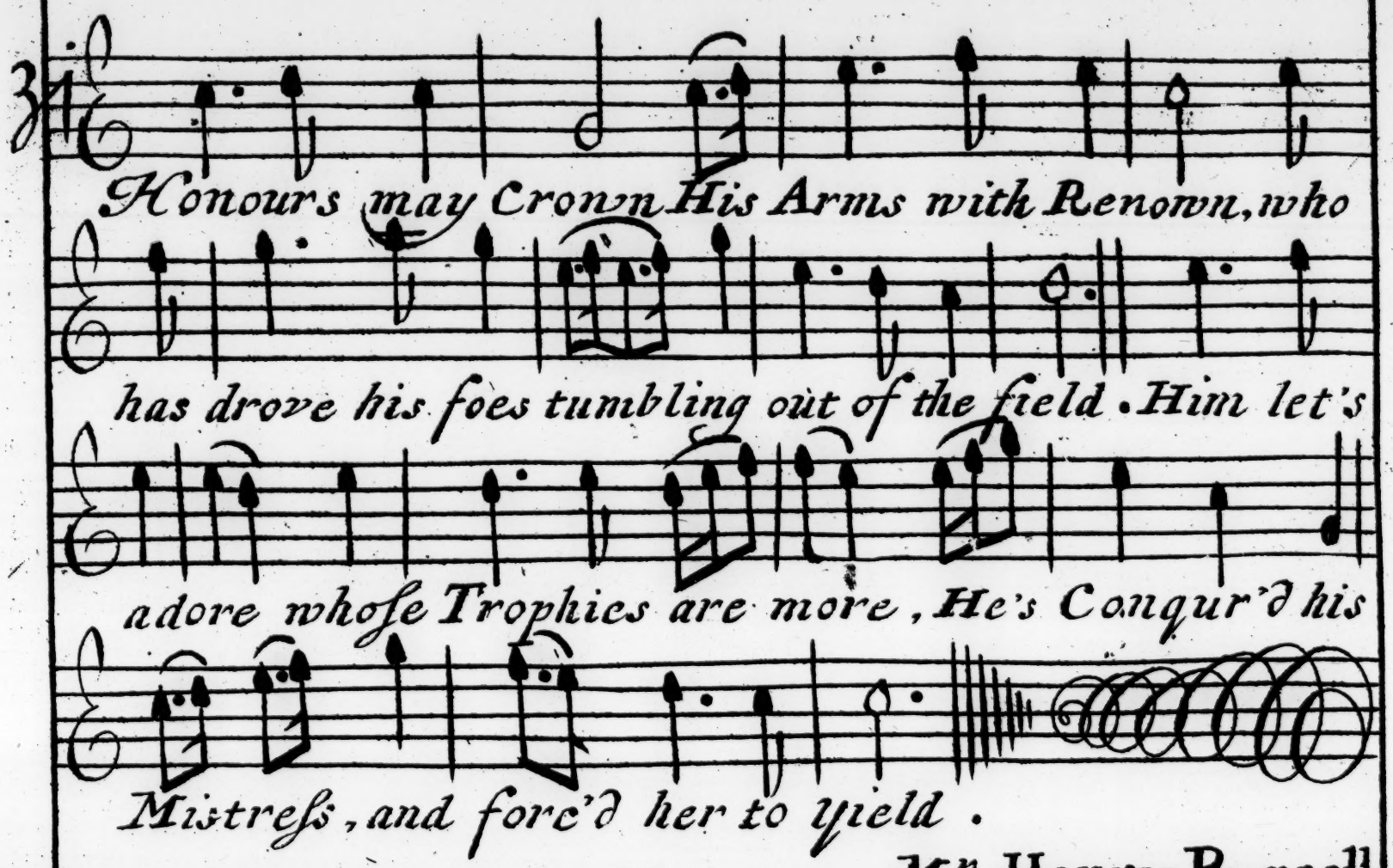
your feet they lye: But admitting their embraces, wakes 'em from, wakes em

from the golden dreams nothing's new beside our faces, ev'ry

woman, ev ry woman is the same; nothing's new beside

our faces, ev'ry woman, ev'ry woman is the same. **Mr H. Purcell.**

The Triumphs of a conquering Lover.



Mr Henry Purcell

Love has it's Wars,
It's wounds and it's Scars,
It's Deaths, which too often poor Mortalls Surprize.
Love has it's harms,
It's frights and Alarms,
No Sword nor no Spear like Lucindas *bright Eyes.*

A Song in the Play call'd Rule a Wife and have a Wife

Set by Mr *H. Purcell*. Sung by Mrs *Hudson*.

There's not a Swain, on the plain, wou'd be blest like me, Oh!

cou'd you but, cou'd you but, cou'd you but on me smile: But you

appear so severe, that trembling with fear, my heart goes

pitt a patt, pitt a patt, pitt a patt all the while If you cry,

must I dye, you make no reply, but look shy, and with a scorn-

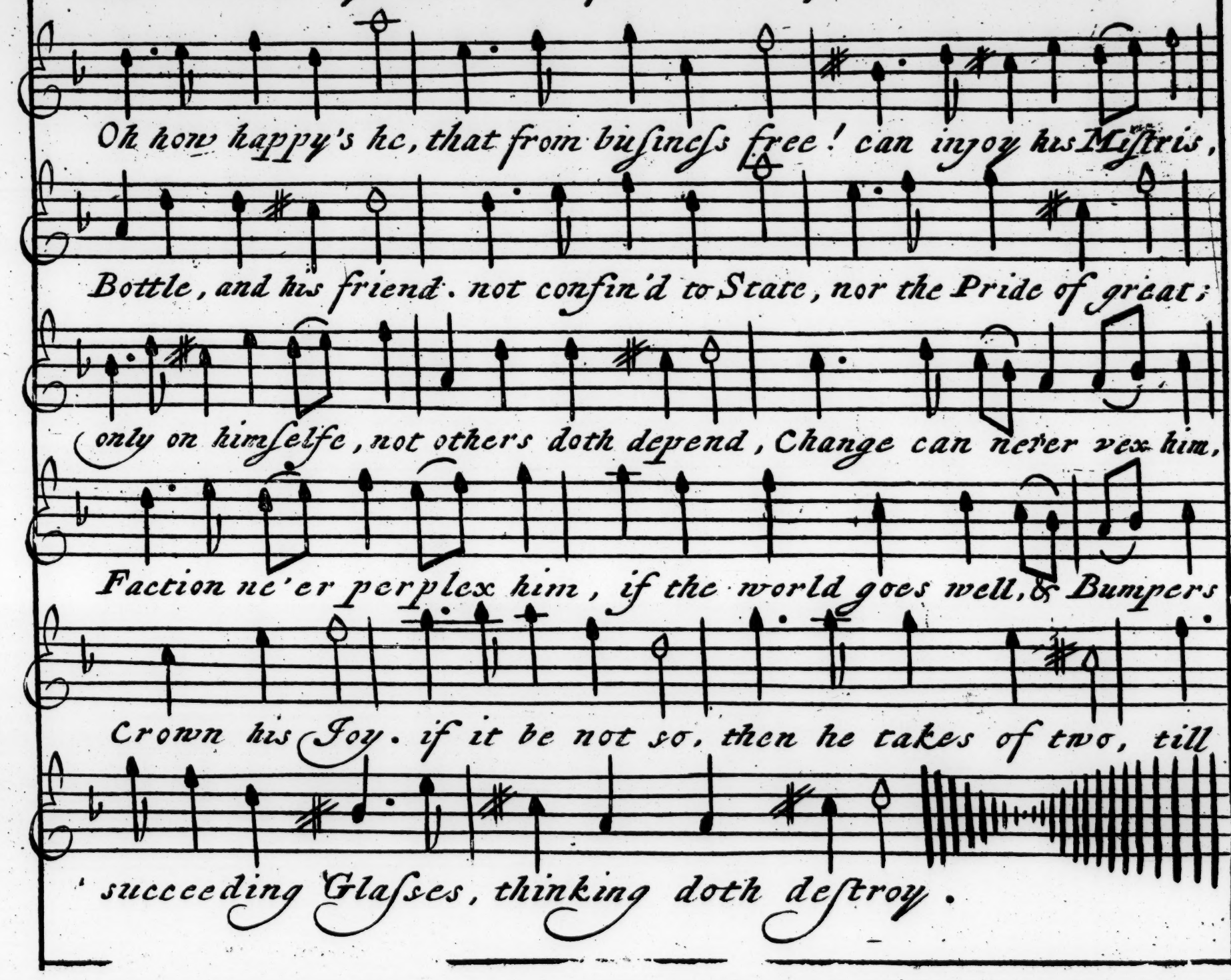
full eye kill me by your cruelty Oh! can you be, can you be, can

you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you, can

you, can you be too hard to me

The Loyal Delights of a contented Mind.

The words by Mr. Mumford. Set by Mr. H. Purcell.



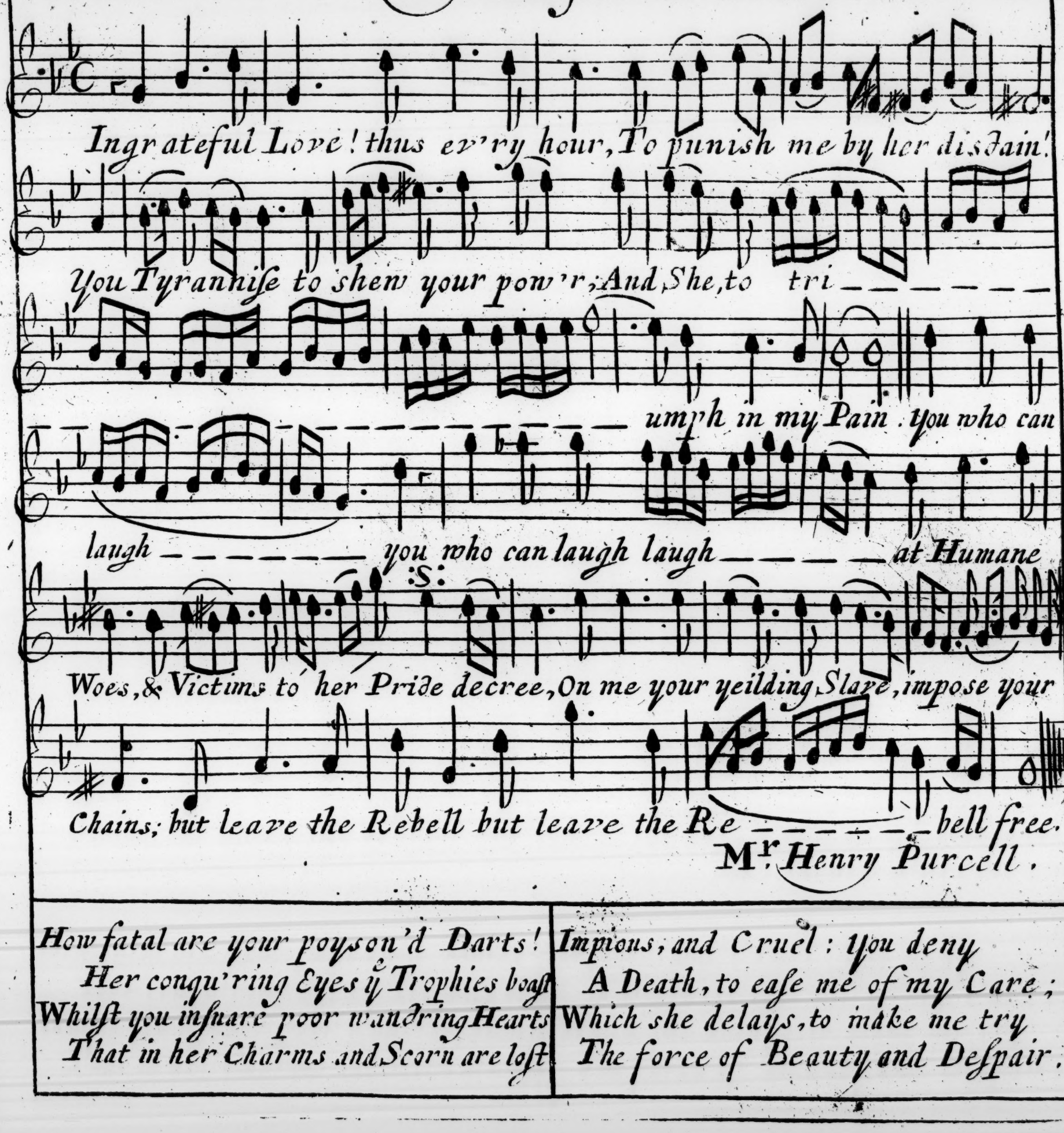
The Royal Example.

May her blest Example chace vice in troops out
of the land; flying from her awfull face like
trembling Ghosts when days at hand, May her Hero
bring us peace won with honour in the field,
and our home-bred factions cease, he still our Sword
and She our Sheild.

M.r Henry Purcell.

in Bang. of Musick.

A song in the last new Comedy call'd the Wive's excuse or Cuckolds make themselvs. By Major-General *Sackvile.*

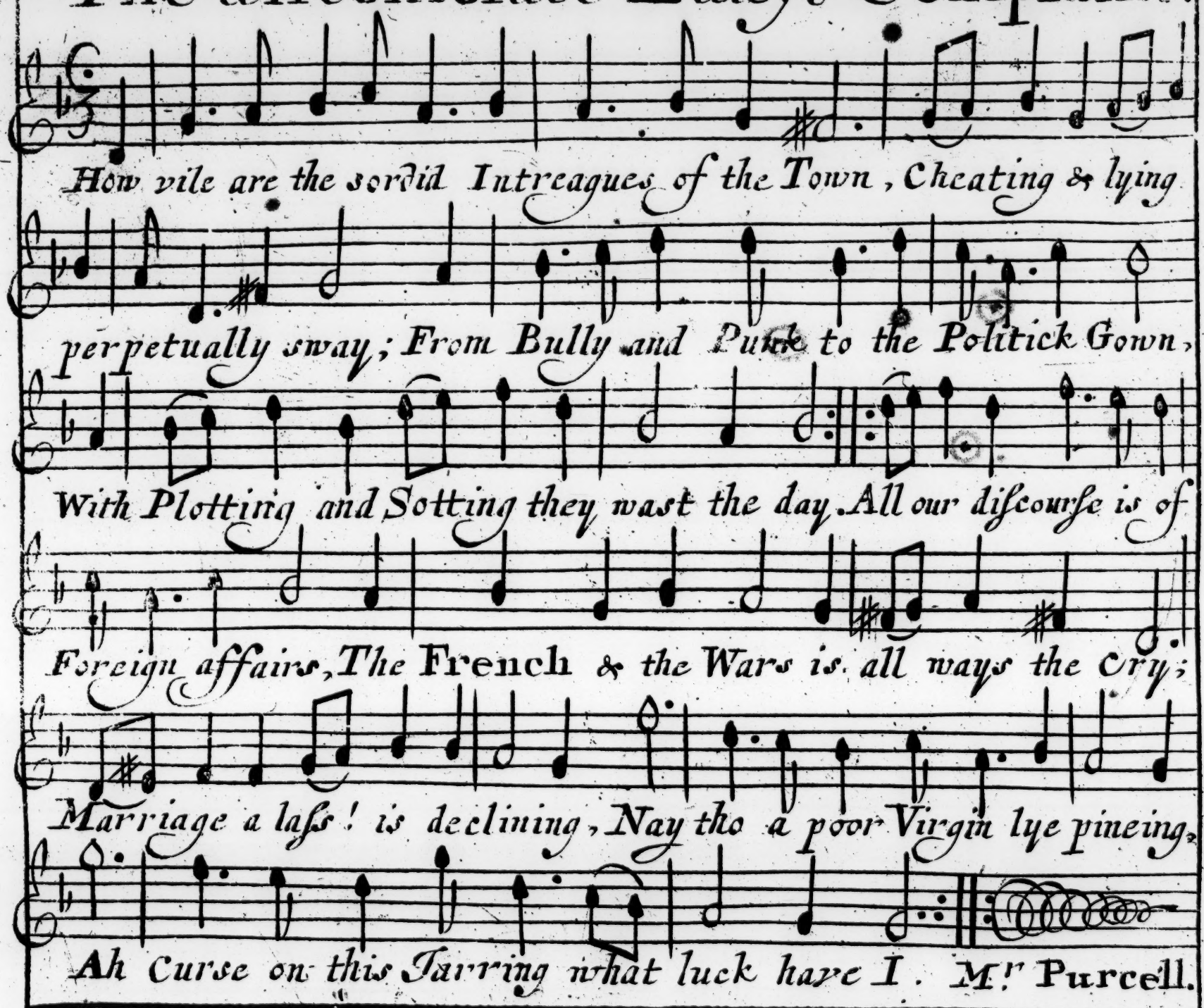


Mr. Henry Purcell.

How fatal are your poyson'd Darts!
Her conqu'ring Eyes & Trophies boast
Whilst you insnare poor wandring Hearts
That in her Charms and Scorn are lost.

Impious, and Cruel: You deny
A Death, to ease me of my Care;
Which she delays, to make me try
The force of Beauty and Despair.

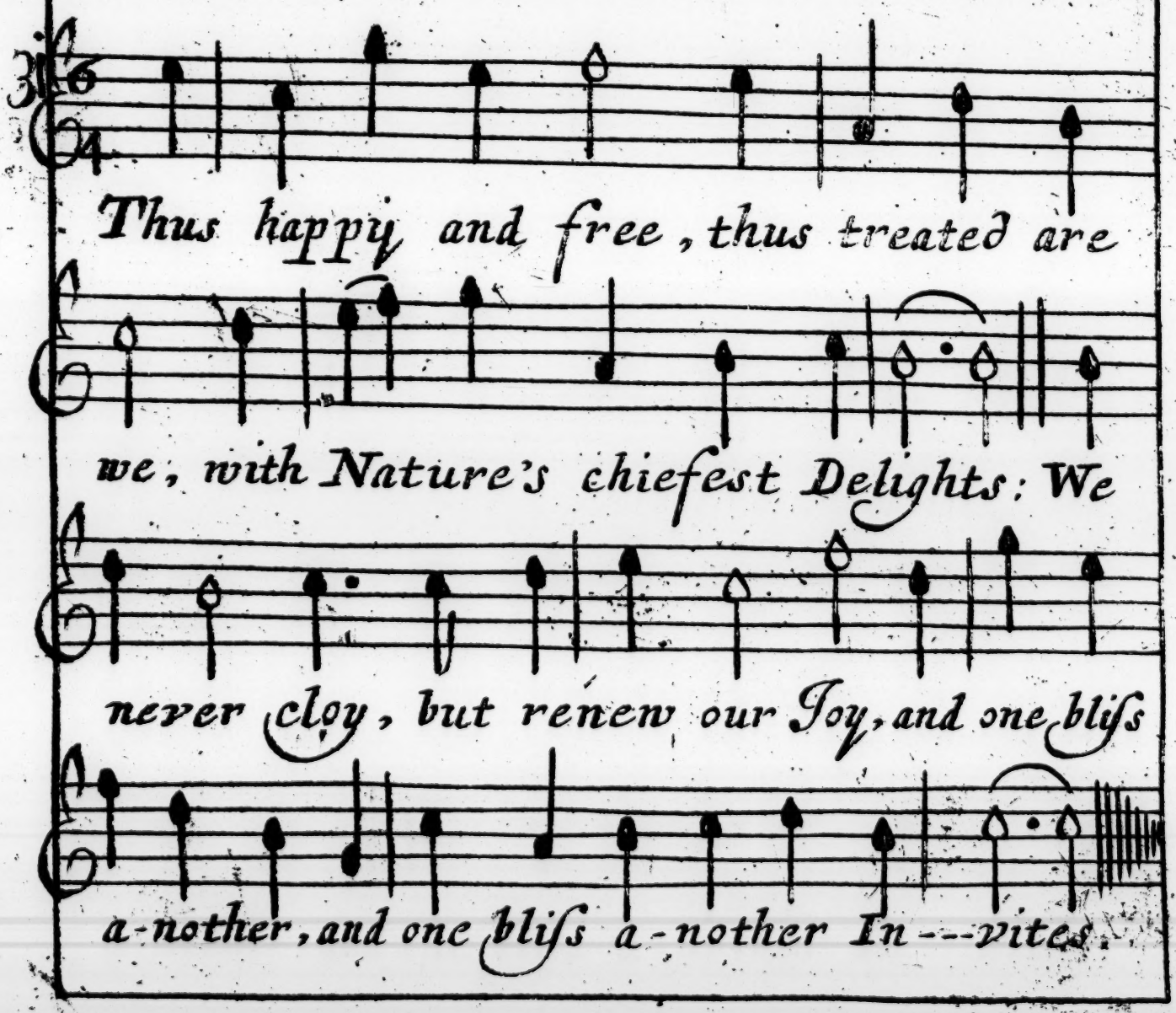
The disconsolate Ladys Complaint.



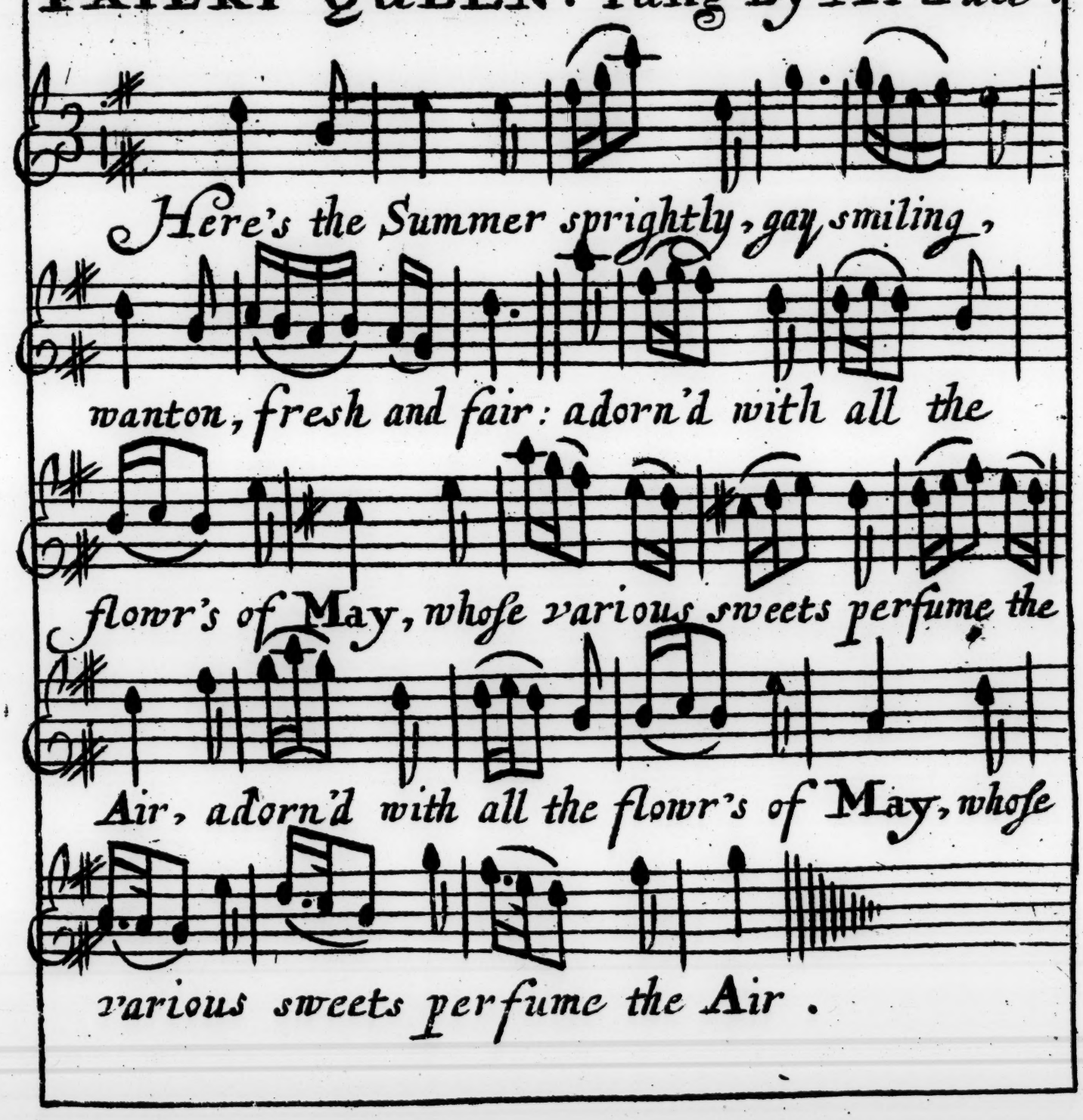
I thought a young trader by ogling Charms,
Into my Conjugal fetters to bring,
I planted my Snare too for one that lov'd Arms,
But found his design was another thing:
From the Court province down to the dull Citts,
Both Cully's and witts of Marriage are shy,
Great are the Sin's of the Nation,
Ah! shame on this wretched occasion,
Ah! Curse on the Monsieur what luck have I.

A

Song in the New OPERA call'd, The FAIERY QUEEN. sung by Mrs. Aliff.



A Song in the New OPERA call'd, The FAIERY QUEEN. sung by Mr *Pate*.



A Dialogue sung by Mr. DOGGET and Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, in the Play call'd the Richmond-Heiress

He

By those pigsneyes, pigsneys, pigsneyes; by those pigsneyes yt Starrs do

seem, Those breasts as white as curds and cream, that cherry, cherry, cherry

lip and dimpl'd chin, 'tis Mopsa *that must be my Queen, my Queen, 'tis*

Mopsa *that must be my Queen, be my Queen, 'tis* Mopsa *that must be my*

She

Queen: *Art thou the crack'd brain'd fool art thou ye crack brain'd*

fool, ye fool thou seem'st to be, ye crack'd brain'd fool thou seem'st to be

He

Art thou a white fac'd ape, art thou a white fac'd ape, a white fac'd

ape as madd as me? a foolish female nice and shye that never yet

trod shoe a wrye, Nor sufferd youngster by ye by, to have a finger

in ye Pye, nor sufferd youngster by the by, to have a finger in the

She

Pye; In spight of rings & bracelets gay, sweet junkets sweet junkets.

B.

on a Holy day, or all that silly, silly, men can say I'm still of Vesta's

train; I'm still a maid I'm still of Vesta's train, I'm still a

He

maid, a maid, a maid, a maid, a maid, I'm still a maid. 'Tis

then for want of human aid, 'tis then for want of human aid.

She

He

She

No, no, no, no, no. Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay. No no, no,

He

She

He

no, no, no. 'Tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so. No, no, no, no 'Tis

C.

She: so, 'tis even so I'm still a maid, He Oh fye! oh fye! fye,

She fye. In thought and deed. He Oh fye! oh fye! fye. She And so

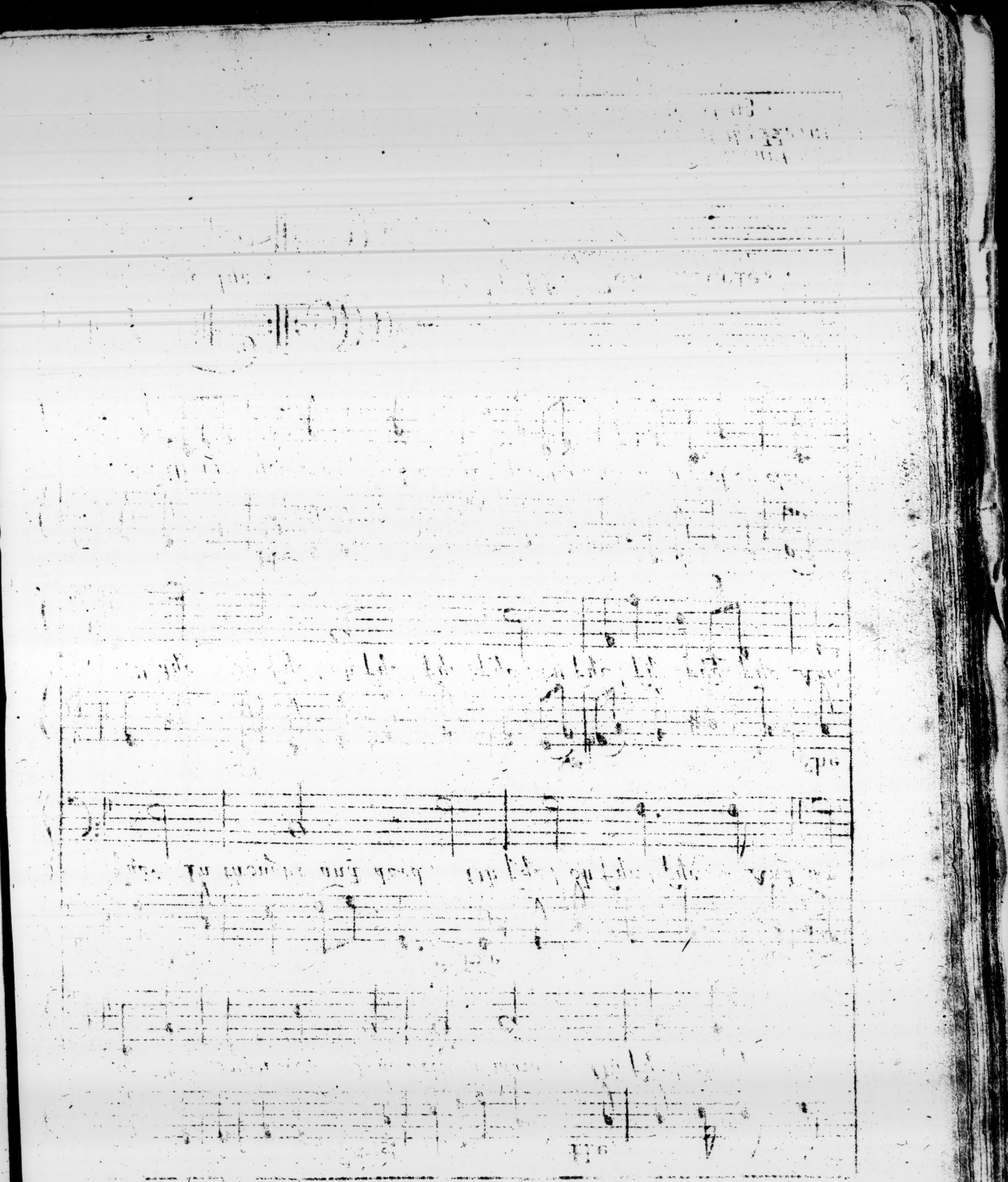
He will dye. Oh fye! oh fye! fye, fye; oh fye! fye, fye, fye. She And

He so will dye. You are a fool or elce you lye; you are a fool or elce

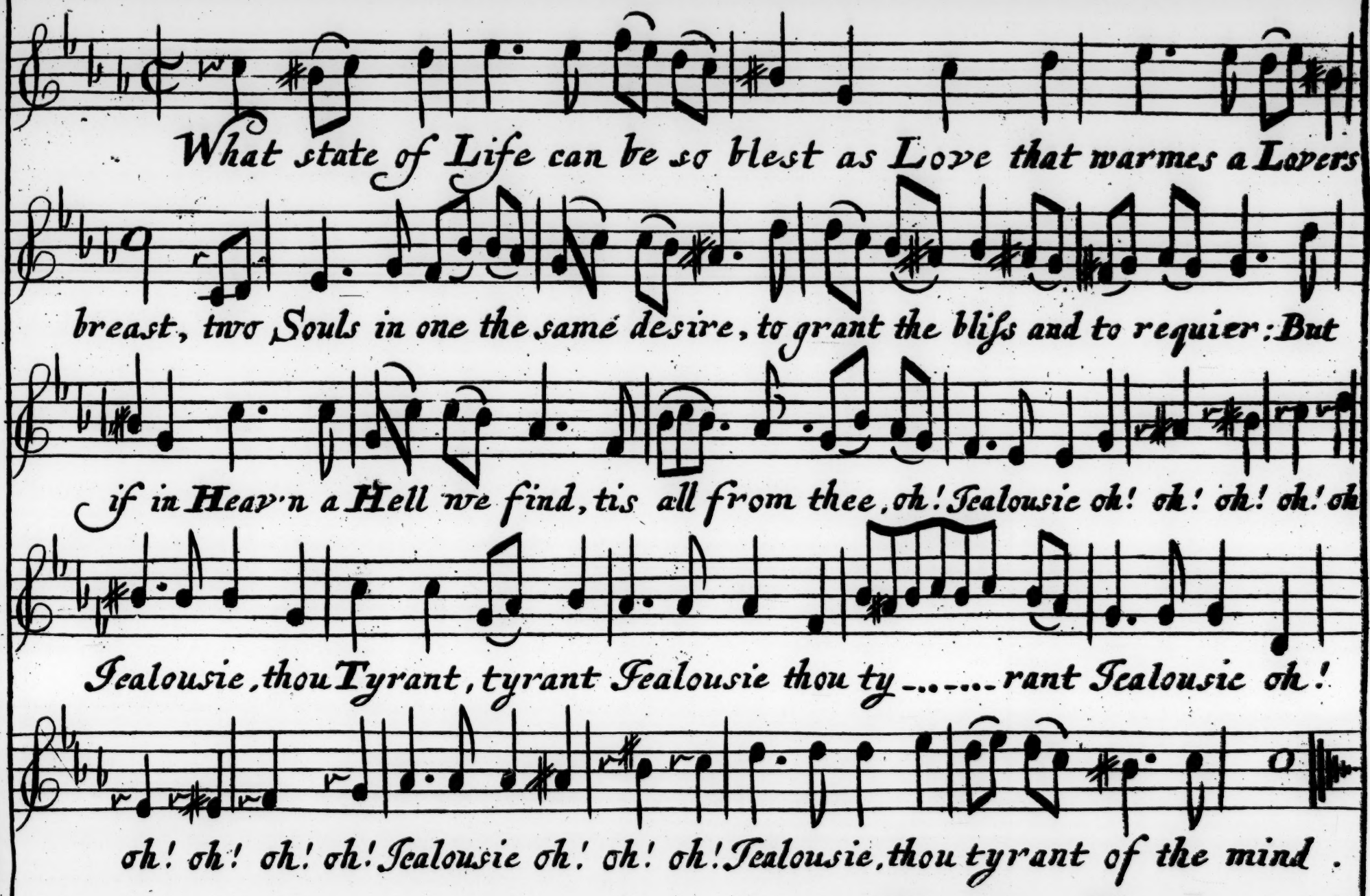
you lye lye.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.
and corrected by him.

Printed and sold by Tho. Cross in Katherine Wheel Court near Holbourn-Conduit. And by Mr. Man Book-seller at the Heart and Bible in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange. 1693.



A new Song sung by Mrs. HUDSON in the Play call'd Love Tryumphant Or Nature will prevail.

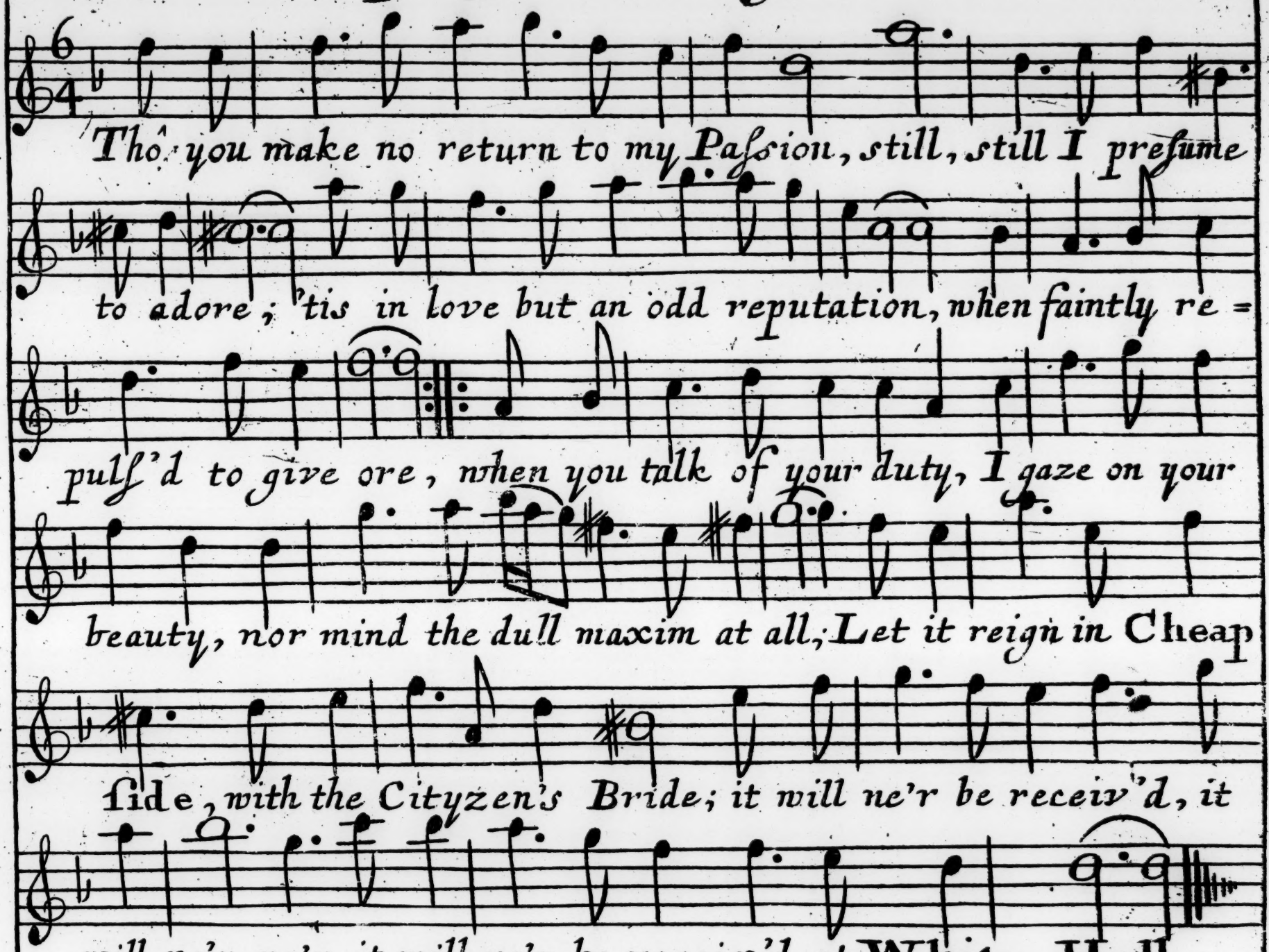


Mr John Eccles.

All other Ills tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and sweetten love:
In absence or unkind disdaine,
Sweet hope releives the Lovers pain;
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To sett us free from Jealousie.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too ne're and some to far:
Thou art the Fire of endless night,
The Fire that burns and gives no light,
All Torments of the damn'd we find:
In only thee oh! Jealousie,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.

A ſong in the laſt new Comedy call'd y^e Maids laſt prayer or any rather then fail



What Apocryphal tales are you told,
By one, one who wou'd make you beleive,
That becauſe of to have and to hold,
You ſtill muſt be pin'd to his ſleeve:
T'were apparent high Treaſon,
'Gainſt love, and 'gainſt reaſon;
Shou'd one ſuch a Treaſure engroſs:
He who knows not the joys,
That attend ſuch a choice,
Shou'd reſign to another that does.

A New Song set to Musik by Mr Rob. King.

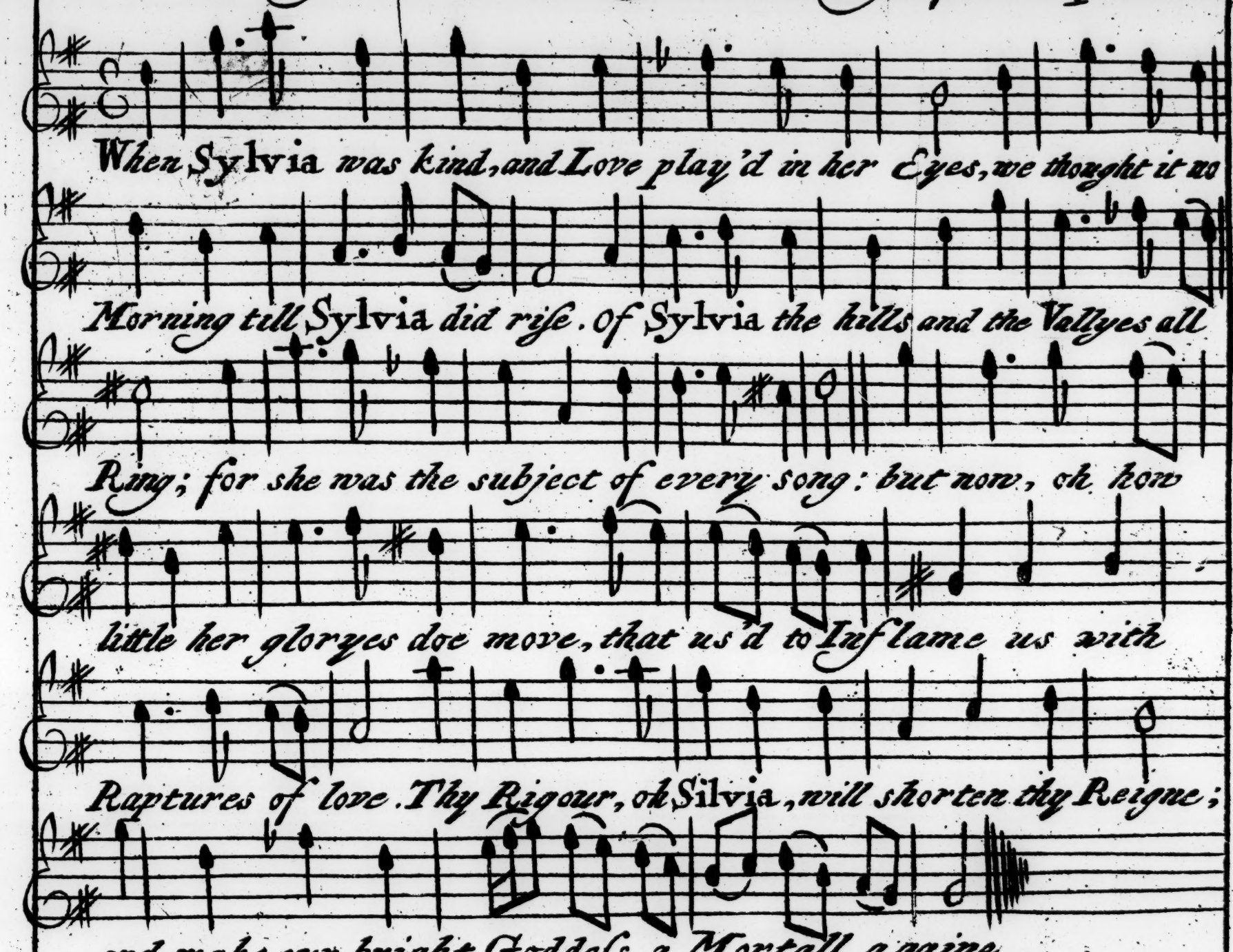
Tel me why so long you try me, still I follow, still you fly me:

Will the race be never done, will it be ever but begun

Con'd I quit my love for you, I'de nere love more what ere I do, when

I speak truth you think I ly, You think me fals but say not why.

A new Song, Sung at the Theatre Royal, in the play call'd Alphonso King of Naples.

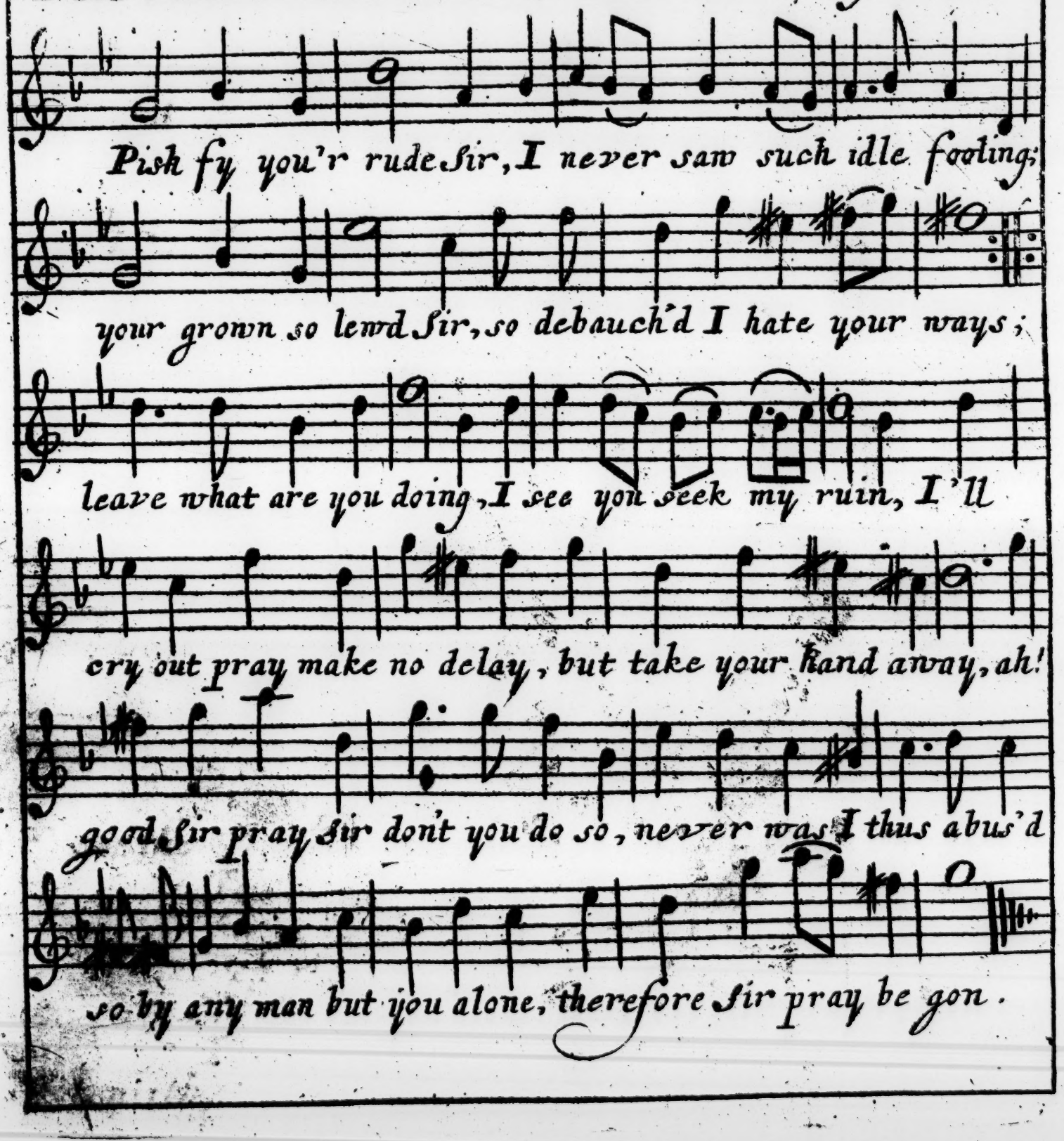


M.r Eagles.

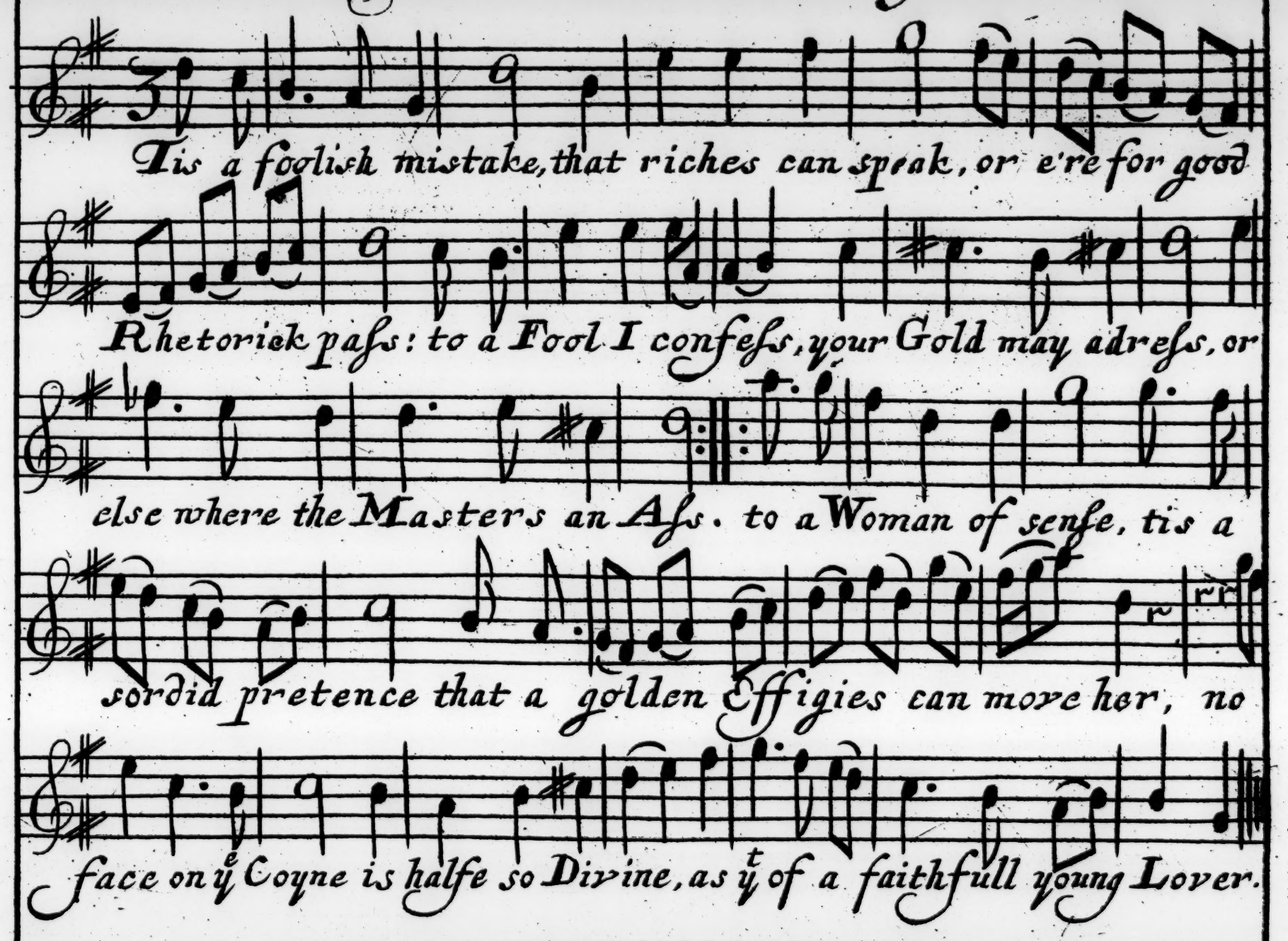
Love heightens our Joyes, he's the ease of our Care,
A spur to the Valiant, a Crowne to the faire.
Oh seise his soft wings then before 'tis too late;
Or Cruelty quickly will hasten thy fate.

'Tis kindness, my Sylvia, 'tis kindness, alone,
Will add to thy Lovers, and strengthen thy Throne.
In Love, as in Empire, Tyrannicall Sway
Will make Loyall Subjects forget to Obey.

The lasivious Lover and the coy Lass.

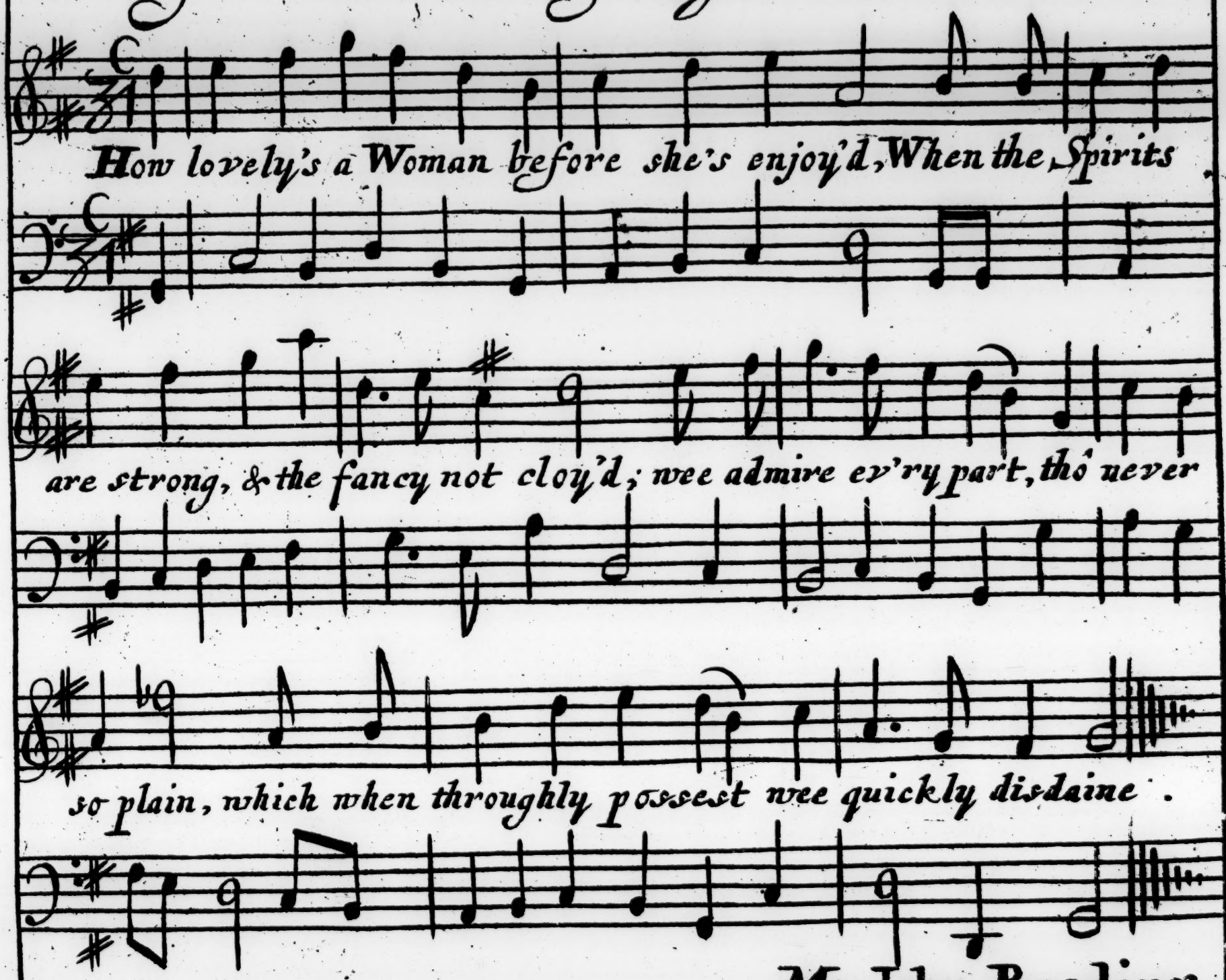


A new Song set to Musik by Mr *Barincloe*



But men when they love:
Their passion to prove;
From the Court to the dull Country novice:
To the fair they'r so kind,
first to fathom thei^r mind;
Next search the prorogative office:
No Imprimis I give,
Then the fair one they leave,
Not-withstanding their strong protestations:
Till the Lady discover,
No fortune no Lover,
Then draw's off her fond Inclination.

A Song in commendation of Musick, Women and Wine.



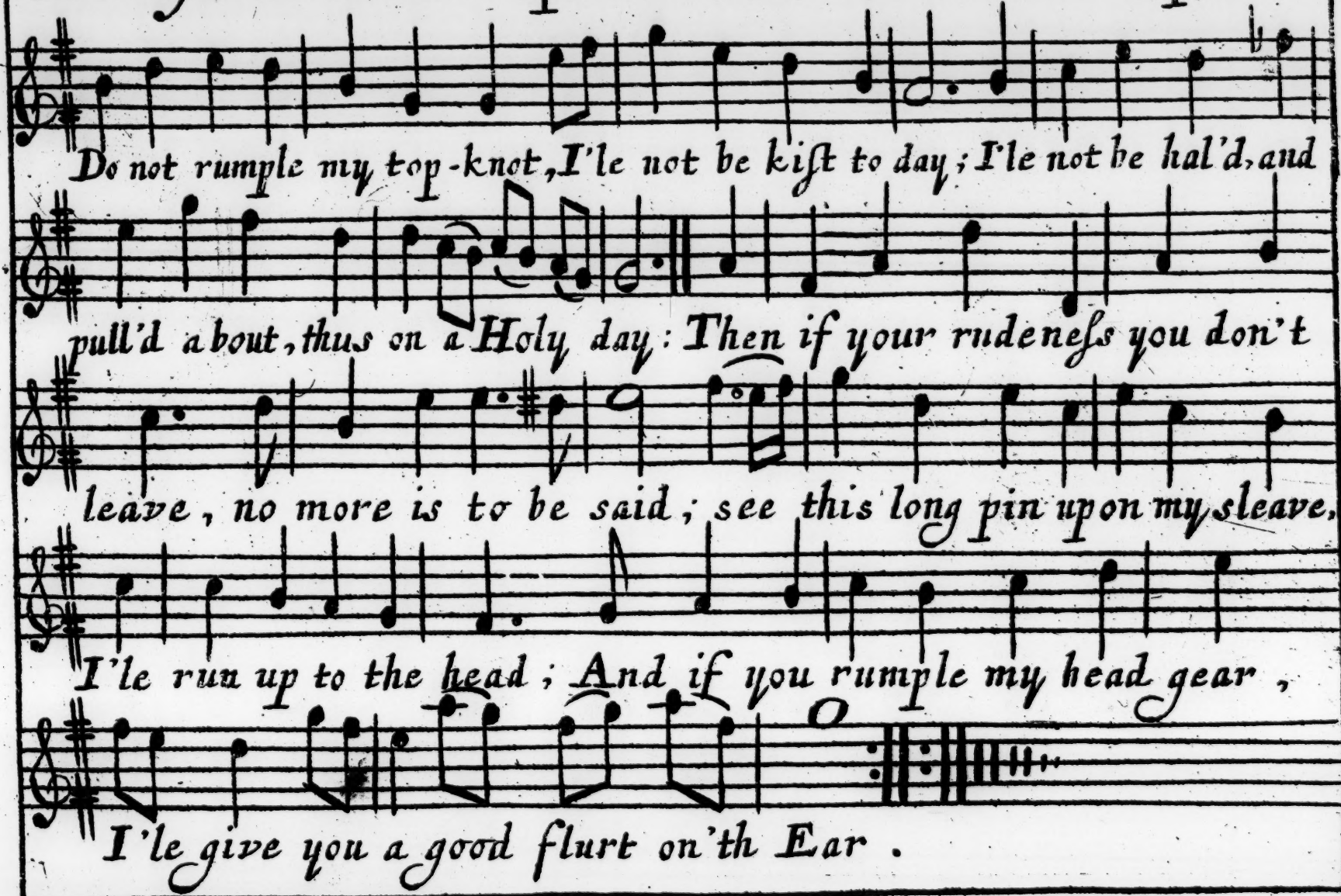
Mr. John Reading.

So drinking we love too just at the same rate,
For when we are at it we foolishly prate;
What Acts we have done, and set up for wit
But next Morning's Pains our Pleasures do quitt.

But Musicks A pleasure, that tyres not so soone,
'Tis pleasant in Mornings, 'tis welcome at Noone
'Tis charming at Nights to sing Catches in parts
It diverts our dull hours, and rejoyces our hearts.

But Musick alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully tho never so fine
Therefore by consent wee'll enjoy them all three
Wine and Musick for you, and the Women for me.

The coy Lass dress'd up in her best Commode and Top-knot.



Come upon a worky day,
When I have my old Cloths on;
I shall not be so nice nor coy,
Nor stand so much upon.
Then hawle and pull, and doe your best
Yet I shall gentle be; and fell my Breast
Kiss hand, and mouth,
~~Embrace and gentle and~~ play,
~~And tickle~~ sportickle to my Grace;
I won't be put out of my rode,
You shall not rumple my Commode.

A Catch Sung by the Roman Souldiers, in the Tragedy of Bonduca. Set by Mr H. Purcell

Jack thour't a Toaper, Jack thour't a thour't a Toaper, let's

have tother Quart; Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring weer

so sober, so sober, so sober 'twere a shame to part; None but a

Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold Bully'd by his Wife for

coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,

coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do-mes-----tick Strife, Im

free, I'm free and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call and

knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho

Watchmen cry past two a Clock.

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knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho'

Watchmen cry. past two a Clock.

44 45

A Catch upon CHARLEROY, for 3 Voices.

Is Charleroy's *Seige come, come, come to who wo'd a thought*

it then the Rumours was false, mas false, false, false t*y* Lewis

had bought it, Then charge ___ all your Guns boys, as high

as they can be, with the briskest Champaine ramm'd down,

ramm'd down, down, down, down, down, down, down w.th Nantz

Brandy: Let Enginier Vauban *shoot the Divill, the Divill*

and all, yet his Marshall shan't dance ___ No, no, no, no

shan't dance at old Maintinons *Ball* M.r Henry Purcell.

The Punch Catch. 3 Voc.

Bring the Bowl, and Cool Nants, *bring the Bowl, and Cool*

Nants *and let us be mixing; We've a great deal of buiſness*

we've a great deal of buſ'neſs, tis time to be fixing. Dip, dip your

Dish fair; a round to all jolly jolly Punch-drinkers; Wee lose

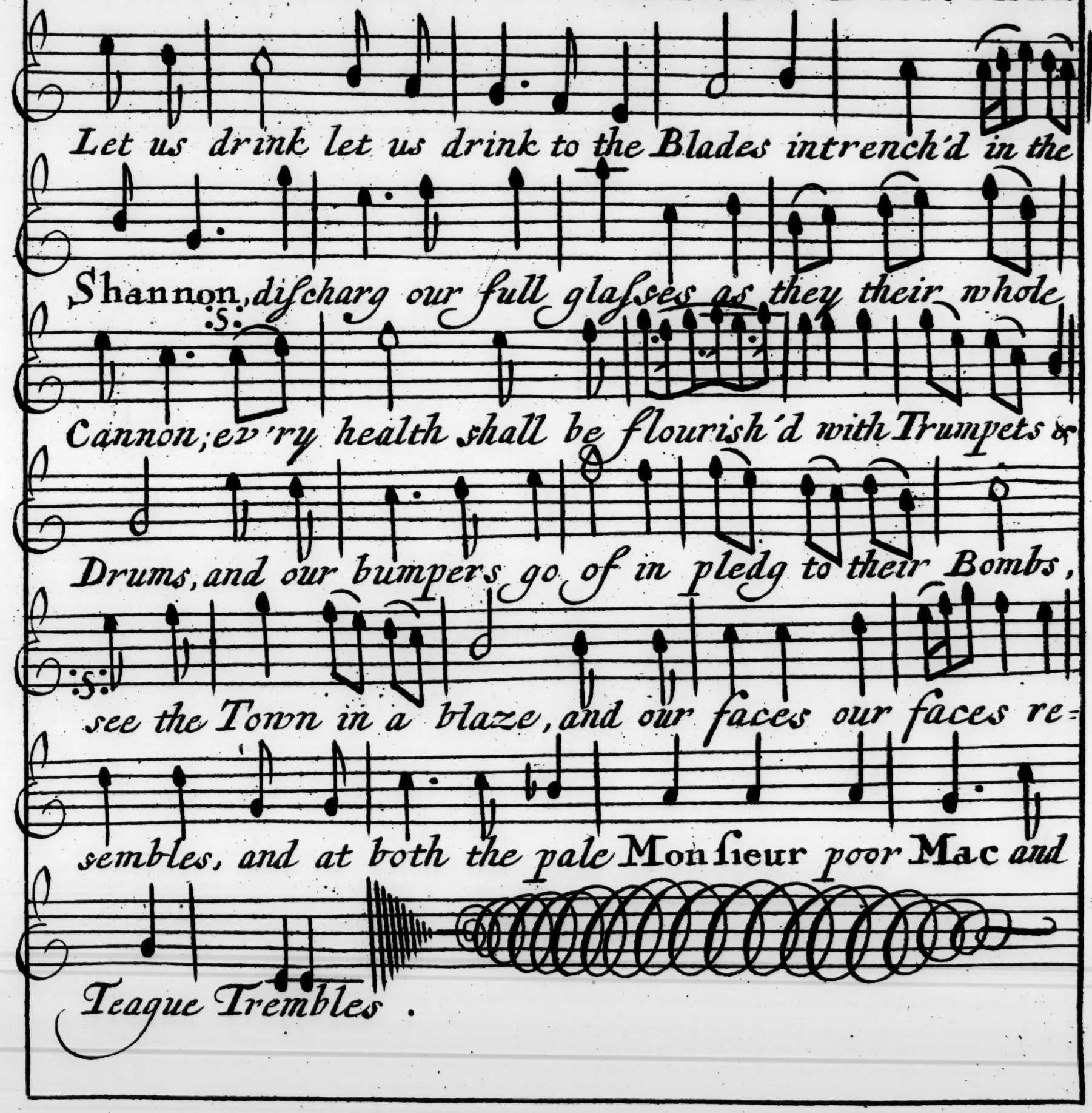
not a Minute, we lose not a Minute while we are our own Skinkers

We need no damn'd Drawers our Mo_____tions our Mo-

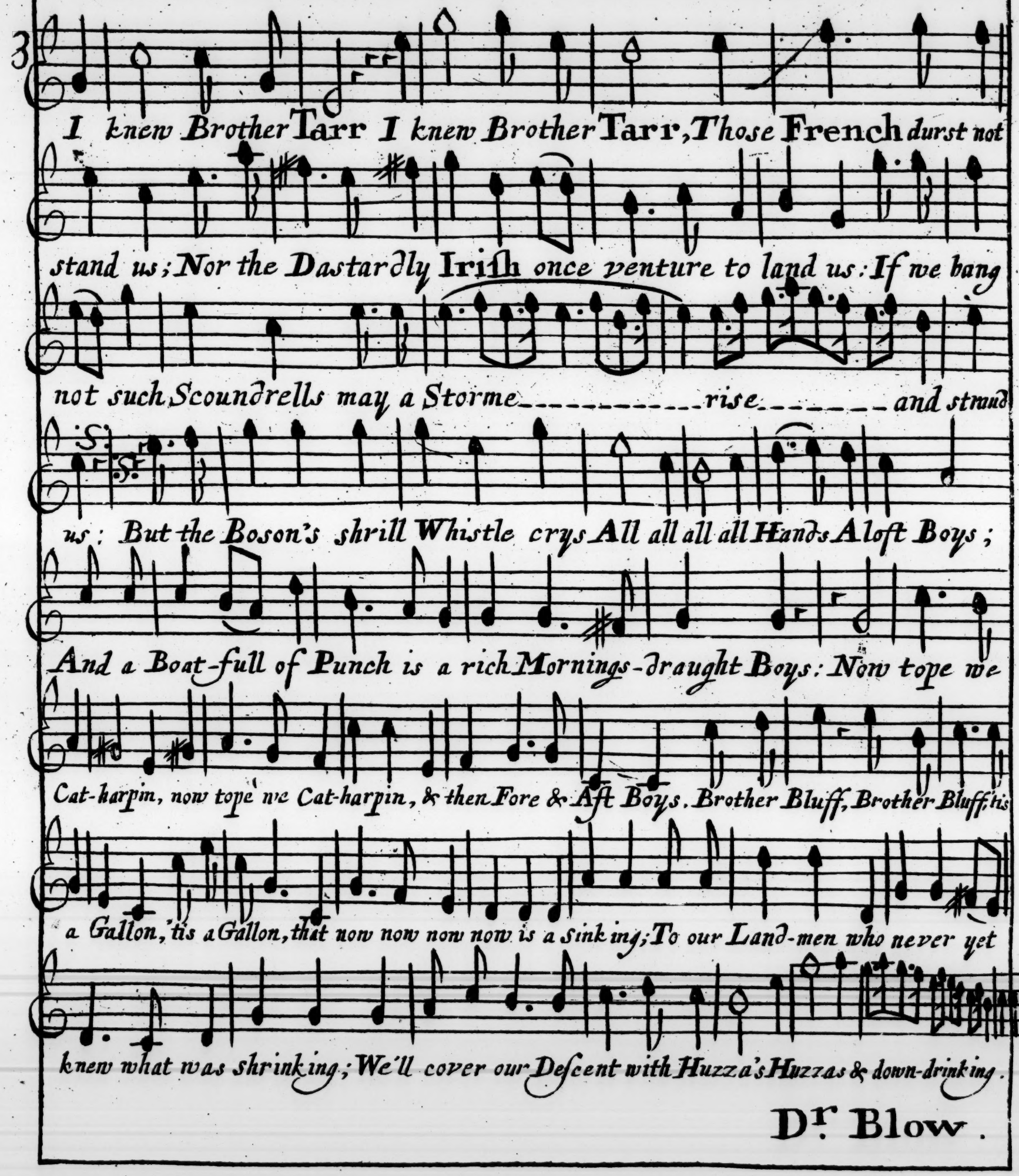
tions are quicker; We sitt att the Well, Boys, we sitt att

the Well, Boys, and drink richer Liquor. M.r Purcell.

A Catch for Three Voices Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL

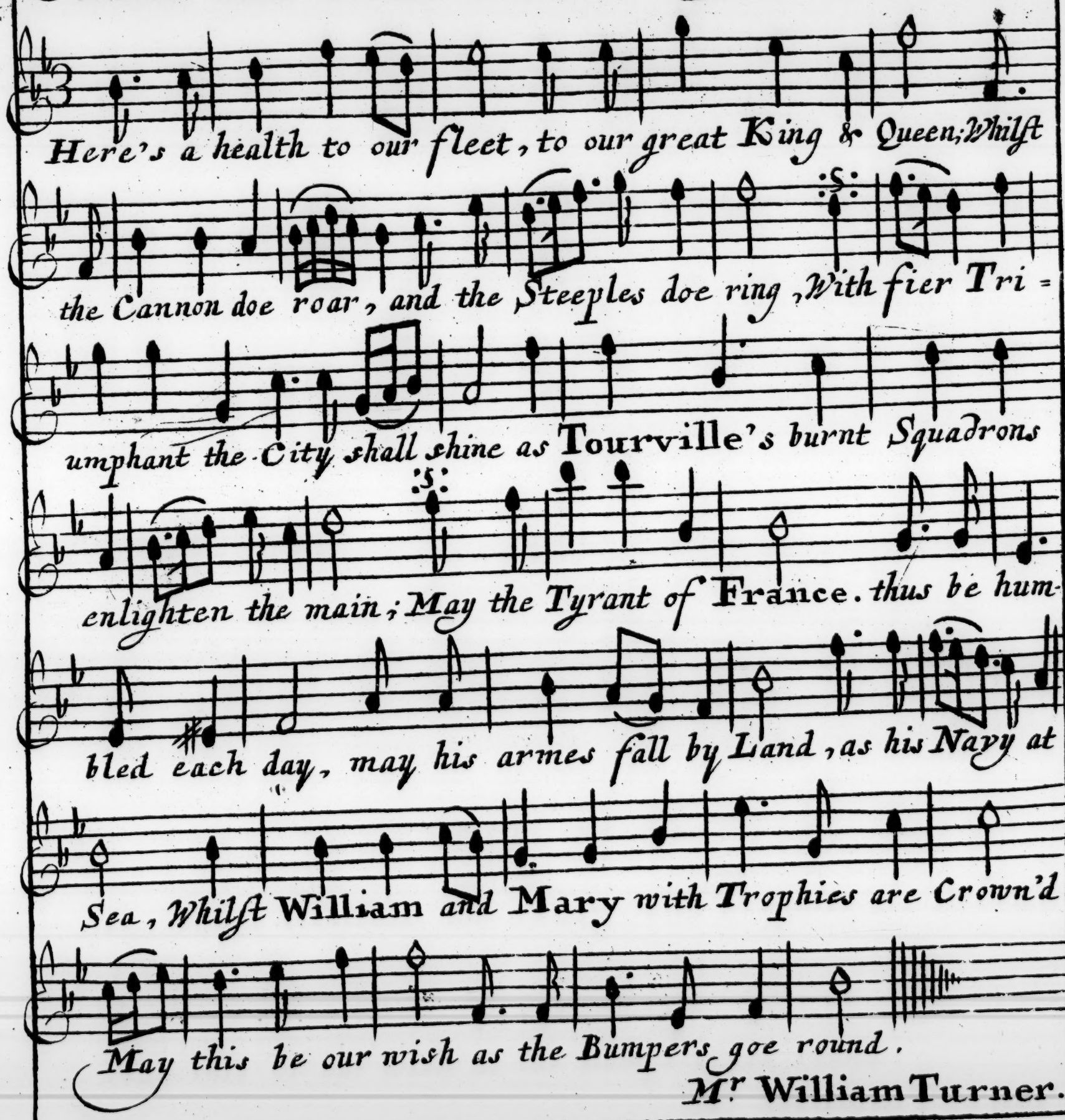


A Catch for the Fleet. 3 Voc.



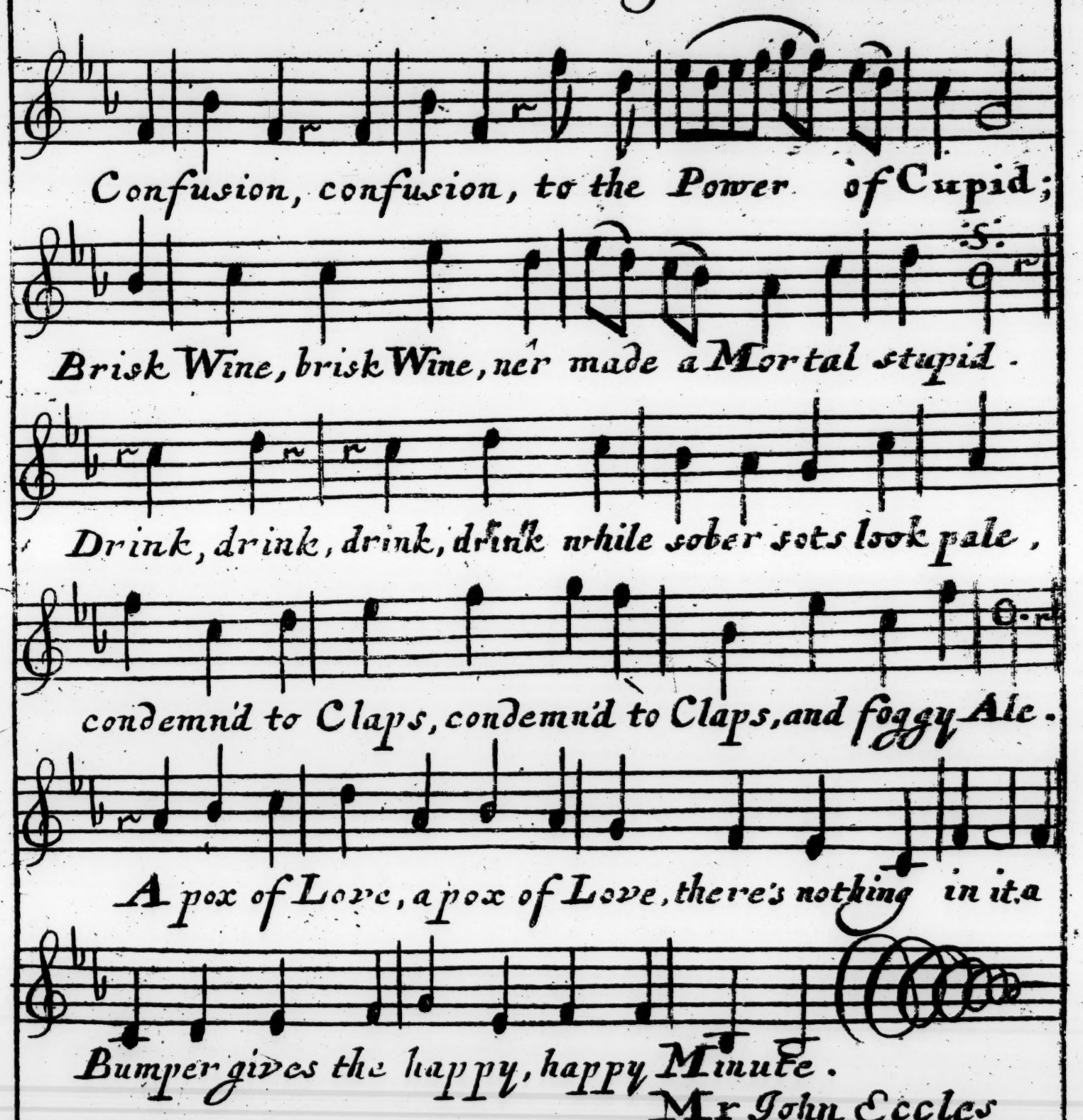
Dr. Blow.

A
Catch for Four Voices upon the Fleet.

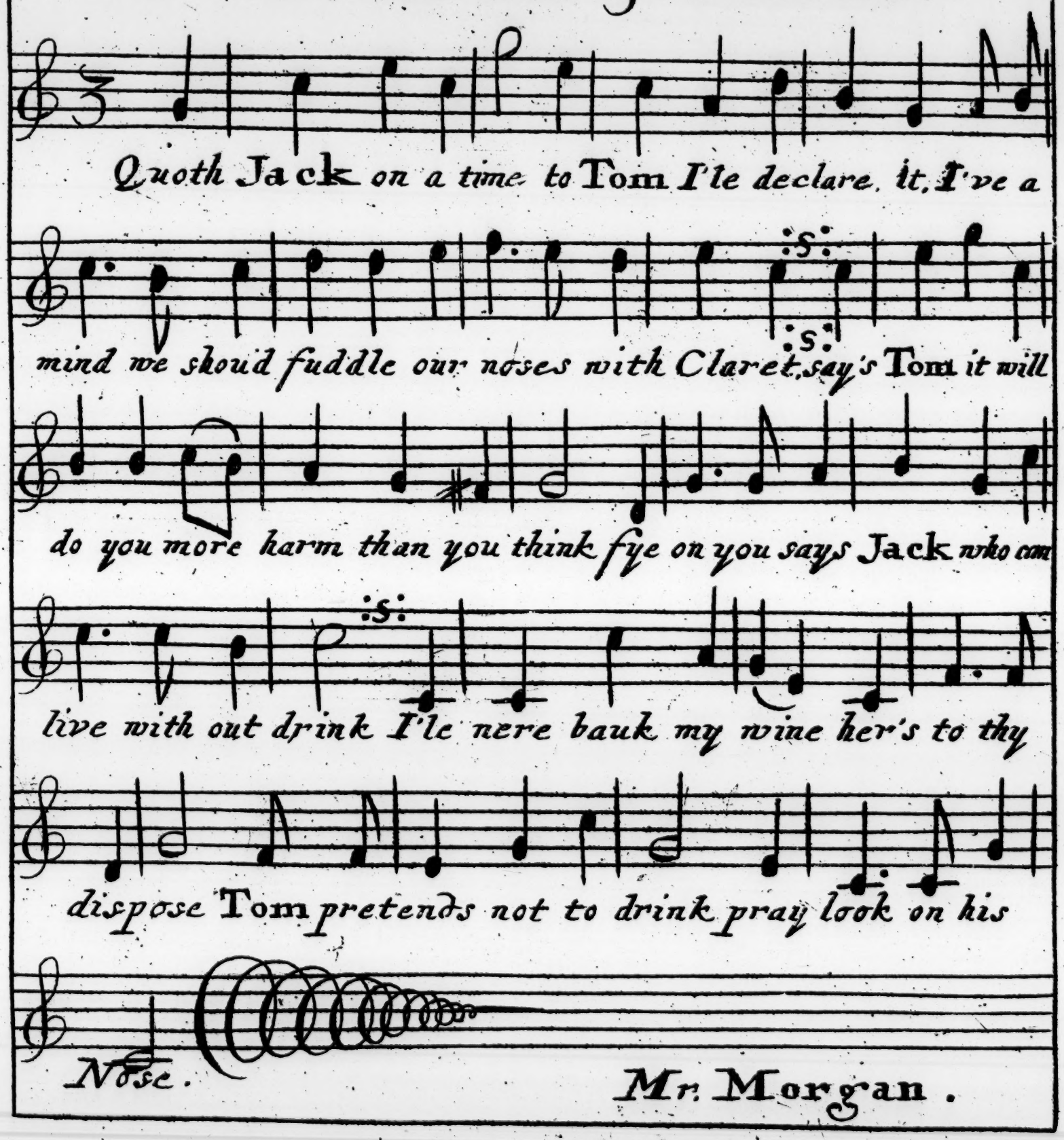


Mr. William Turner.

A Catch for 3 Voices.



A Catch for 3 Voices.



Mr. Morgan.

Set by Mr Hawkins Organist of Ely.

4 Voc:

The Co⁻-ns once destroy'd ye Church, now

:s:

it's Supporters prove, their L-d-ps leave it

:s:

in the lurch, and Separation love, to

free us from our future Fears, wou'd

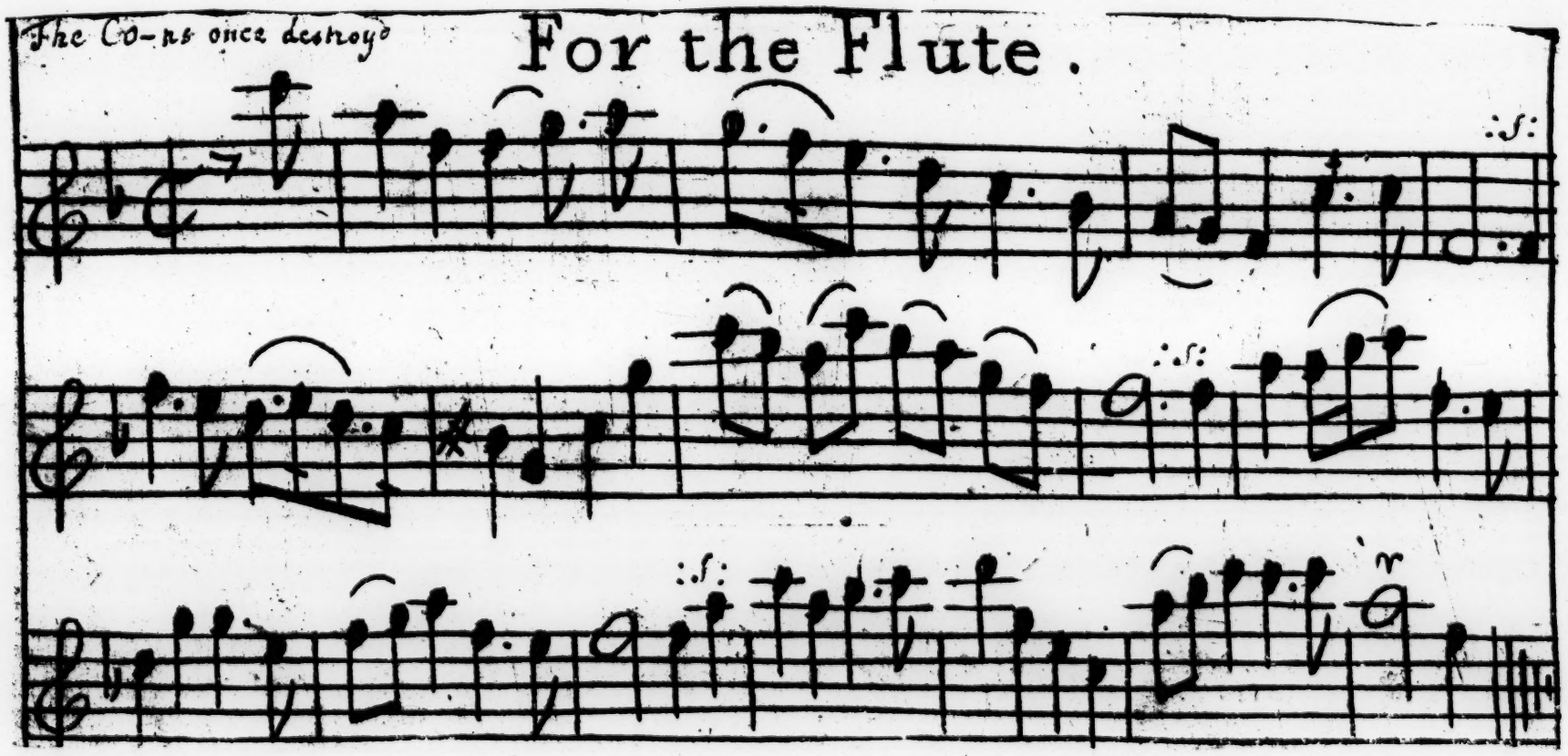
:s:

Member each respective, a Patent had to sit like

P-rs, & L-ds were made Elective.

The Co-rs once destroy'd

For the Flute.



A Catch for 3 Voices Set to Musick by Mr. Gillier.

:S:

Go feeble Tyrant and in vain thy Fruitless conquests

boast the Slave who once has felt thy Chain en=

:S:

=joys his freedom most exert alass thy Harmless

hate thy frowns and cold disdain since double pleasure

:S:

they Create to think em spent in vain the Sailor thus of

danger free from the securer Shore looks back and huggs

himself to see, to see the Storms he felt before.

A Catch for three Voices,

Engraven by **Thomas Crofs** *Junior.*

Come hear me my Boy, has't a mind to live long; take a

Dofe of brisk Claret, and part of a Song; a Generous

heat, good Wine doth impart; and the time to good

Musick, is beat by the Heart; let each be con=

=tent, with his own proper Store; and keep our selves

honest, tho' the World keeps us poor.

Set by **Mr.**

For the Flute. **Richard Loe.**

A Catch for 3 Voices.

Hark! Harry, Harry, *hark!* Harry *'tis late; Come let us be gone, for* Weſtminſter Tom *by my Faith ſtrikes one. Say'ſt a ſo, ſay'ſt a ſo, ſay'ſt thou ſo honeſt Lad, what makes him ſo ſawcy to ſtrike one and yet not tell us the cauſe? Why piſh, piſh, piſh piſh, 'twas done in good part to get us away & will certenly double his blow if we ſtay.* Mr *John Eccles.*

The Duke of *Gloucesters* March.

And now, now the Duke's march, Let the Haut-bois play, and his

And now, now the Duke's march &c:

Troops in the close shall Hus-sa, Hus-sa, Hus-sa: And

And

now, now the Duke's march, Let the Hautbois play and his

now, now the Dukes march &c:

Troop's in the close, shall Hus-sa, Hus-sa, Hus-sa, Hus-sa, Hus-sa

Dr. Blow.

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